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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is not much to say of the life and works of Muzaffar-ud-din Shah. We all know that his bent was usually "to take the cash and waive the rest". But his position from first to last was very difficult. He succeeded to an almost beggared throne, though his predecessor, who visited England many years ago, was popularly associated with fabled wealth. Muzaffar-ud-din practically came into the world and went out of it in the hands of the money-lenders, the Imperial Money-lenders; and it would be hypocrisy to pretend that they are much easier to shake off than the little breed. He played one imperial money-lender against another with an almost Sultanic astuteness; but latterly these friends in need, after a "friendly exchange of views", severely cut down their kindly advances to him. A stroke of irony, exact and delightful, in our relations with the Shah—though we did not at the time see the beauty of it—was when the special mission was sent to Persia to invest the Shah with the most noble Order of the Garter. On the very day the Shah was being invested at Teheran, the anti-British treaty between the Shah and Russia was announced in S. Petersburg.

The new Shah, Mohammad Ali Mirza, is the eldest son of Muzaffar-ud-din, but his mother was not a Kajar of the Royal family—which would usually have barred his selection as heir apparent. According to the traditions of the East an heir apparent to the throne is usually an unknown quantity. A next in succession who displays unusual qualities is apt to excite suspicion, and is unusually liable to accidents. It is also undesirable that he should have a party—or a policy, unless one of self-effacement. Perhaps for this reason opinions are much divided concerning the personality and opinions of the Shah's successor. He certainly has had the advantage or opportunity of a good education, but it was under a Russian tutor, and he has never travelled outside Persia. He is a man of more character and determination than his father. His tastes are soldierly, and he has had a thorough military educa-

tion—at least as thorough as the Persian army could supply. Of robust health and fond of outdoor sports, he prefers a simple life to the usual luxury of the Court.

According to the practice of the Kajar dynasty he has been Governor of Azarbaijan—the most important of the provinces—which borders on Russia and supplies the best recruits. His attitude towards the movement for representative government and the creation of some form of national council is the subject of most conflicting statements. It is fair to believe that he is willing to make concessions and introduce reforms, but desires to move with caution and avoid any violent change. It seems certain, and it is supremely important, that his habits and convictions will lead him to favour a policy of economy—to husband and to develop the resources of the country. His foreign policy is still a matter of speculation. The choice of a ministry will decide much that is now in doubt.

The Amir's arrival at Agra was marred by the winter rains which are of very frequent occurrence at this season: but the Amir is used to unsettled weather in his own country. On the way to Agra he halted at Sirhind to visit a shrine which is peculiarly holy to Afghans of the loyal Durani tribe. At Agra the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief and a host of notables, English and Indian, have assembled. Immense camps have been formed, a large force of troops collected, various displays organised and preparations generally made on a scale which recalls the glories of the Coronation Durbar. The week at Agra will be devoted to ceremonial visits, chapters of the two Indian Orders, review and field exercises of the troops, sports, official and private receptions, State dinners and all the usual festivities. Politics are banned—the most significant testimony to the political importance of the occasion.

Raisuli's fate seems to hang in the balance. The Shereefian troops captured Zinat without much difficulty, only to find that the brigand chief, with some of his followers, had escaped to the hills. Apparently he is now with the Wedras tribe, whose chief is reported to be negotiating with the Sultan's representative for his surrender. Yet correspondence which has fallen into the hands of the Moorish commander shows that two months ago the Sultan was writing to Raisuli assuring him of "our entire confidence and support".

Experience teaches Lord Elgin nothing. He is assured that whatever a Radical Government decides to be good for the colonies the colonies will gratefully accept, and he persists in refusing to consult them in matters affecting their vital interests. It was so in regard to Natal and Newfoundland: it is so in regard to the New Hebrides. The Blue-book issued this week is less important for the settlement attained than as an illustration of a wrong and irritating way of reaching a conceivably right conclusion. The Convention with France was arranged without a thought of the claim of Australia to a voice in the negotiations. Australian dissatisfaction at not being allowed even to express a view as to a settlement chiefly affecting Australia was not unnatural. When the Convention was placed before the Colonial Government they were told that it must be accepted or rejected practically without modification. One might have imagined that at least considerations of courtesy would weigh with Lord Elgin. Not for many years has the Colonial Office been run on such arbitrary lines as at present.

In the Transvaal the political campaign is going on actively. It is expected that the elections will take place late in February. There is significance in the capture of Mr. H. C. Hull by Het Volk. Mr. Hull is an Englishman who has been much to the front in Transvaal public life. He was a strong advocate of responsible as against representative government; though it is more than likely he would have preferred the Crown colony régime to either. He has now joined the Dutch party. There could not be a more telling witness to our contention from the outset that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was taking a course which would end in Dutch supremacy. Mr. Hull talks about the offer of a seat to him by Het Volk as an evidence of Dutch desire to avoid racial strife. How our slim Boer friends, now that they have got Mr. Hull, must smile when they hear him saying such pretty things! We are glad that Lord Selborne was firm with the railway servants.

Californian indignation at the President's rebuke shows no sign of cooling down. The Governor of the State in his annual message to the Legislature declares that Mr. Roosevelt, like other Eastern States men, does not understand the difference between the Japanese and Chinese on the one hand and the peoples of "Caucasian blood" on the other. (This we suppose means in ordinary phrase the difference between Orientals and Westerns. To state the matter in precise terms of ethnology is not at all easy.) The State will conduct its schools as seems best to it until the Federal courts declare that it has not the right to do so. In the Senate an Oregon member roundly affirmed that it is within State and not Federal jurisdiction whether California shall have any public schools or none, and if it has any, how they shall be conducted. This was said in discussion of a resolution that negotiations be opened to obtain a modification of the Japanese-American treaty to prohibit the entrance of Japanese coolies into the United States. By the way, it is stated in an article in the "North American Review" that not only children but Japanese adult men wish to attend the Californian schools. This would certainly go to justify the Californians' objection, but it must surely be of quite rare occurrence.

People who talk of the strength of what they call the reactionary party in Russia may be asked, why then have we this terrible series of murders of which the latest is that of General Pavloff, the Military Prosecutor-General, and yet M. Stolypin remain Minister, and the elections for the Douma be held? The forces behind M. Stolypin to maintain him in his policy of constitutionalism and reform have made ineffective whatever reactionary intrigues there may have been. Is there any country in Europe where such a war of revolutionaries by bomb and revolver would not long ago have caused the suspension of the usual constitutional guarantees? In Ireland the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended and Crimes Acts and Coercion Acts passed; but in Ireland no such terrorism has ever been held over the Government and its officials as

in Russia. There the Revolutionaries are deliberately murdering to provoke reaction.

Bismarck always spoke disparagingly of the "Intellectuals", who are mostly of the professional classes, except when they happened to support the Government. He once said they thought they knew more of everything from strategy to picking the fleas from a dog than persons who had devoted their lives to the study. Something of the same feeling still exists in Germany, but Herr Dernburg the Colonial Director is glad to have the Intellectuals come forward just now on the side of the Government and its Colonial policy. The committee appointed by the meeting of the Intellectuals, whom Herr Dernburg addressed on Colonial policy on Wednesday, will be useful both during the current elections and in future. The meeting censured the Reichstag for disregarding the honour and position in *Weltpolitik* of Germany. It comes to the aid of the Government against the factious party spirit of the Reichstag; and the new committee is to educate the German people into a truer patriotism.

Prince Bülow's "Sylvester" letter and the dissolution of the Reichstag are considered even by those who uphold his policy as sending them to the country in unfavourable circumstances. Extreme Conservatives in private, National Liberals, German Liberals and People's Party in public, all declare that they are absolutely unprepared for the situation. The *Reichsverband* (an association of all parties for fighting Socialism) is particularly provoked, as it hoped to have everything ready for a fight next year. This Society and the *Bund der Landwirthe*, which is a Protectionist body, are the most energetic of the Government electioneering organisations; the others are wanting in zeal and energy. The Socialists are not talking socialism. Their topics are dear food, the fall in wages—for which there is no foundation—the failure of the Colonial policy, the rise of taxation; and they thus attract a large number of voters who are not Socialists. Herr Dernburg casually remarked that it was said that if South-West Africa had been any good the English would have taken it; but it is noticeable that none of the parties during the present elections is making much use of anti-British feeling as an electioneering weapon.

The death of Queen Mary of Hanover removes the last of the royal personages of the period when the kingdom of Hanover and the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein were factors in European politics. At the conclusion of the war between Prussia and Austria the Prussian King wished to spare the kingdom and only to take a portion of its territory. He still clung to the Holy Alliance doctrine of the divine right of dynasties; but Bismarck, who had dropped this arm of his original political equipment, insisted and the annexation was made. The Hanoverian family like the Augustenburgs in the case of Holstein never gave up their claims. The chances of both families depended on Austria; but after the war of 1866 their possessions were irrevocably absorbed into the North German Confederation; and the war of 1870 settled their final destiny. Queen Mary's son, the Duke of Cumberland, who has always refused to renounce his rights as heir to the Hanover throne, married a sister of Queen Alexandra.

There is no new move to record in the conflict between Church and State in France. The anti-Christian zeal of the Government has not risen to the height of closing the churches; persecutors were always cowards; but while, from fear of popular disapproval, they leave the churches open, they make everything as difficult as possible for the clergy. The petty persecution of Catholic Christians indulged in by the Government and its agents is almost incredible to an Englishman. It is no rare occurrence for a man holding the humblest, almost menial, local position to be warned that if he wants to keep his post, he must drop going to church. Bishops' palaces and seminaries are to be used as museums and educational institutions. The Government will find exquisite pleasure in putting the buildings of the Church to the use of giving anti-Christian teaching to little children. At present M. Briand and M. Clemenceau are busy with *déméritis*. Very awkward citations from their past speeches have been brought



up against them, and of course they are denied. The official denial is understood all over the world.

Mr. W. T. Stead, it appears, is flitting over Europe as the dove from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's ark of peace. Mr. Stead is almost the only clever man we have who has the art of making himself ridiculous without losing by it. He has ideas, he is never dull, he writes well, and his fantasias of wisdom and folly are always amusing. This tour of his is simply ruining the show of the Hague Peace Conference. When the "Matin" and the other papers have done interviewing him, the Hague Conference will be as dry as a sucked orange. His account of his interviews with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey appears to show that their most ardent desire is to lay Mr. Stead's letter to the "Times" holus bolus before the Conference. But when Mr. Stead's imagination gets to work on a modicum of fact, a three-volume story comes out of it quite easily. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey will be relieved that his mission to them at any rate is over, and be thankful that the dove has taken flight elsewhere.

Everybody who wishes to be looked on as somebody in party politics is busy filling up the big office and the small one lately held by Mr. Bryce and Mr. Ellis. Conservative papers are naturally a little out of it. It is amusing to note the jealousy with which editors of papers on the Government side snap off the heads of editors on the Opposition side when these try to give a bit of information in the matter: they regard such information as their special "vails". The Liberal press comes out next day or the same evening with a snubbing statement that the report is "wholly without foundation" and so forth. There is a droll sort of professional party jealousy in such matters. The Government "organs" affect an air of responsible reticence—they know all about it, but would not for the world embarrass the Government by mentioning any names. It is just the same of course when the Conservatives are in office; then the Liberal papers are supposed to be out of it. As a fact one side knows just about as much as, and no more than, the other. There were tit-bits for favoured papers in old days; but now, owing to the Press and News Agencies, what is given to one paper is usually given to the lot.

It is a little more than two years since Lord Dudley announced at a banquet at Dudley, when no reporters were present, that his views on the government of Ireland were so seriously changed that, as soon as his term of office expired, he intended to sever his connexion with the Unionist party. How Lord Dudley reconciled his duty with this astounding statement is only part of the great Antony McDonnell mystery. It is certain that he retained his office until the fall of Mr. Balfour's Government, and that he has been appointed a Congested Districts Commissioner by the present Government. Why Lord Dudley should not openly avow his change of party we do not know: he has plenty of examples to follow: and we should have thought his desertion was by this time a "secret de Polichinelle". But perhaps we wrong Lord Dudley: he may be that curious animal, a Home-Rule Conservative. If so, he will have to share his cave with those erratic and most unsatisfactory politicians, Lord Dunraven and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

The Lord Advocate in a speech this week laid stress on the "crush of legislation" which is threatened in the immediate future. Scotland has little chance, it seems, of the attention she wants, and Mr. Shaw raises once more the cry of Home Rule for Scotland. Dr. Clifford foresees the same pressure, and in a kind of jealous agony predicts that unless his friends insist on the Government attending to their demands at once, they will be swept aside by the Nationalists and the temperance reformers. His attitude towards these clamants is quite unsympathetic, and we do not wonder, for they are eager rivals for the time and efforts of the Government. The Liberal press is very fond of representing the Church and the public-house as allies: well, to judge by Dr. Clifford's remarks, it cannot be said that the Chapel and the temperance hall are just now such dear friends as they should be.

Mr. Wyndham made a suggestive and pleasant speech at a rifle range function in Cheshire on Wednesday. He touched on the curious and interesting point that as we become more inventive and scientific we become, individually, more and more helpless. We are dwarfs on the back of a giant civilisation. How many of us, he wondered, could make any of the things we use. It is very true. Everybody depends on somebody else. Out of our own deep-worn grooves we are quite incapable. Take sport for one thing. As it is carried on to-day, the sportsman is not even able to find and stalk the game he shoots: it must be found and driven for him. The average man is indeed incomplete and dependent. Only the pioneer colonist and the explorer must trust wholly in their own hands and heads; and what a very small proportion of English people or foreigners is at all fit for such work.

Mr. Haldane's great scheme to convert a number of our splendid field batteries into a kind of hybrid militia has so far missed fire. We are not surprised. It appears that the militiamen who were relied upon to give effect to the plan will not "play". They do not relish the idea of losing their individuality, on being converted into the unromantic rôle of ammunition column personnel with increased liabilities. Nor are we surprised at the standpoint they take up; and we cannot conceive how Mr. Haldane and his advisers could have supposed that it could be otherwise. One feature at any rate is very satisfactory. The pruner's knife has been stayed, and the threatened batteries still exist. May they long continue.

Very politely but very vaguely Mr. Haldane tried to explain to the International Economic Congress why it was not waste of time for them to meet at all. He uses international in quite an unusual sense. International science means a science which is true in all countries: but international economics means something which is true in one country and not in another. Free trade or protection has, as Mr. Haldane said, to be settled by each country according to its circumstances: abstract economics has no meaning. There are many other subjects such as site values, taxation, and small holdings, which each nation must settle for itself, and neither abstract economics nor other nations' views can be of much use.

We notice that an Englishman read a paper on "Taxation of Land Values". Some foreign gentleman ought to have "corrected our insularities" but no international gentleman was rash enough to do so. It was not playing up to Mr. Haldane's eloquent description of the service international economists can be to each other, even though there is no international economics. However Mr. Haldane had given Adam Smith away, and he was paid in his own coin. He is an incorrigible Hegelian in everything; two opposites are always true. Economical science is not science; if you reduce the army you strengthen it. A long speech which does not amount to much is easily concocted on this principle.

Mr. Haldane's other address, a Rectorial sermon at Edinburgh on the "Dedicated Life", is melancholy reading. Clearly we must stop sending our pure intellectuals, a rare and difficult growth in English soil, to the wear and tear of administration. Mr. Haldane at the War Office is as a refined and delicate flower transplanted to a City backyard. It is ruinous extravagance. Not long ago Mr. Haldane was almost incapable of a platitude—this Rectorial address is all a platitude. Its text, the passion for excellence, is blameless enough—texts usually are blameless. But from a great cloud of words obscuring this fine theme comes not a spark of enlightening. Instead we have a number of dicta, with the ring of inferior proverbs: "The University is the handmaid of the State." "The man who would lead others must himself be capable of renouncing." "The merely infinite were perfect, but the eye of man could not behold it." Sometimes the preacher descends to sheer drivel, as when he says, "Perhaps the time is near when armaments will count for so much less than is the case to-day that they will tend to diminish, and ultimately to become extinct." (Mr. Haldane apparently

is thinking of the British Army's future under his own direction.) And what fustian is this: "So only can (University students) aspire to form a part of that priesthood of humanity to whose commands the world will yield obedience"?

The time for the final decision of the Senior Wrangler question at Cambridge is drawing on. We trust that no effort is being spared to complete the organisation of supporters of the great reform in issue. It is difficult to understand how any self-respecting Cambridge men can wish to continue a childish competition for places, which is fast giving the Mathematical Tripos a character excluding it from the category of high education. We are glad to know that Trinity, at any rate the mathematical Fellows, and we believe most of the Fellows of King's, are on the right side. The appeal to Trinity patriotism, exposed in a letter to the "Times" this week, will recoil on its author's head. To ask Trinity men to vote for the present system because its abolition would lose Trinity the kudos of turning out the next two or three Senior Wranglers is to insult their intelligence.

Almost since we can remember, the book trade and the farming industry have been in a "depressed" condition. Everybody is agreed that it does not pay to grow corn or to make books; both indeed are dead losses to the people who cultivate them. Yet the farmers and the literary men still go on; there are about as many farms as there were, and there are more literary men than ever. Perhaps times are not quite so bad after all as people suppose. Lord Londonderry indeed believes that farming is looking up. He has been speaking on the subject this week, and has touched on the Land Tenure Bill. He thinks that in the form in which it was passed the measure will not do much harm to landlords, and we believe he is right.

Dr. Arkle's account at Bradford of his examination of neglected school children only emphasises already well-known facts. The children of the working classes generally are well nourished and cleanly kept. They are naturally, says Dr. Arkle, a fine healthy lot, and he had seen none to equal them in France, Germany or Italy. The degeneracy in our race is not of constitution: it is simply starvation. In height, weight and body measurements the difference between children in secondary schools and the lowest-class schools is startling. At the age of fourteen there is half a foot difference between the two classes, and in weight as much as a stone. Underfeeding and neglect are the causes of this.

And the clothing! One little girl had three bodices and a pair of corsets and then an old velvet dress; a little boy had a coat to which was attached a piece of linen the size of a handkerchief and nothing else. Many of the children had their clothing stitched on to them. Such grotesquely dressed children are not to be found in the German schools. All who know the German schools agree in this. Dr. Arkle says he does not know how many children he examined who seemed to be in a state of semi-torpor due to starvation and in a mental condition like that of pigeons whose higher brain centres have been removed. This is horrible, and horribly humiliating. It sounds like a new chapter from the annals of Mr. Squeers' school.

The Times Book Club, as we all know, is a purely philanthropic institution, started by Mr. H. E. Hooper in order that poor people, like Mr. W. D. Howe, metal-worker, may enjoy the privilege of buying books from the Times cheap. The Encyclopædia too was a philanthropic move to enable everyone to obtain all knowledge for a trifle. The manager's circulars were always proving that no one need be deterred from buying by want of money. Apparently this unfortunate working-man took these circulars at their face value. Now, however, he is haled by Mr. Hooper before Judge Rentoul; he must pay the £5 odd owing of his instalments or go to prison. But his Honour did not take that view. Instead he made some very uncomplimentary remarks on Tonans "thundering away at this poor metal-worker", and declined to make an order. Judge Rentoul's political antecedents would not prejudice him against the Times.

## THE PERSIAN FUTURE.

THE death of the Shah has happily not been followed by a scramble for the succession. The lingering nature of the Shah's last illness has enabled the Heir Apparent to secure his own position and quietly to occupy the vacant throne. So it happens that in the manner of his departure Muzaffar-ud-din has done perhaps the greatest service he has ever rendered to his country. He might have made a harmless and well-meaning citizen. But as an administrator his intellectual and moral equipment placed him on about the level of a West Ham guardian. He was an Autocrat by mischance of birth; so he reigned. But he did not govern. He was a weak and degenerate sovereign whose death cannot be esteemed a loss either to his country or his dynasty or indeed to any except the favourites and politicians who found in his apathy and extravagance opportunities for enriching themselves or furthering their own political aims. For this country at least it would be hypocritical to lament the disappearance of a monarch who allowed himself to drift or be coerced into a policy adverse to English interests and who left our representatives to be treated with less than ordinary courtesy. It is not easy to forget the slight offered to the Mission which carried the Order of the Garter to Teheran or the downright discourtesy which prevented Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India from landing on the Persian coast. These incidents are no doubt closed, but they must temper the emotion with which the death of the Shah of Persia, an allied and neighbouring Power, would otherwise have been received in this country.

With his own people Muzaffar-ud-din was not a popular sovereign. He neglected the material interests of the country and lowered its prestige. While the administration of the state was starved, the revenues were absorbed chiefly in meeting the extravagant expenditure of the ruler and his Court. The army was an unpaid or underpaid rabble without proper equipment, ordnance or even uniform. Its single efficient unit was and is the Perso-Cossack regiment officered and commanded by Russians. It was to the prompt use of this little force by Kosakowsky, in addition to the support of the British representative, that the late Shah was indebted for his undisputed accession when the assassination of his father Nasr-ud-din suddenly left the throne vacant. The misdirection of the national resources and the neglect of the most ordinary administrative requirements were not the only grievances of Muzaffar-ud-din's subjects. The better class of Persians even more strongly resented the subordination of their country and its interests to foreigners. The patriotic spirit which still survives in Persia in spite of all discouragement was offended by the spectacle of the national interests and independence pledged as security for foreign loans to pay for the extravagance of the Court. With this grew a belief that the country had been sold to the infidel. Among people of a different temperament the end would have been reached much sooner and in a much less temperate way. But centuries of autocratic rule have accustomed the Persians to accept passively a great deal from a ruler who does not interfere with their religion and does not unreasonably disturb the tenour of their daily life. Personal eccentricities are accepted as a necessary incident of personal rule. Moreover the absence of any organisation among the classes who may be anxious for the enfranchisement and regeneration of their country rendered any concerted action difficult. But the pressure of misrule and impoverishment, aided possibly by the persecution of the Babi sect, have for some time tended to stimulate a national feeling and create a party of reform. Had Shah Muzaffar-ud-din lived, he would have had to face the alternative of a new order or a new ruler.

This position of affairs in Persia has been profoundly affected by the vicissitudes through which Russia has been passing. The Shah's necessities have ever been the Tsar's opportunities, and they have been utilised with a persistence, energy and thoroughness which might be an example as well as a warning. Russian loans have been accompanied by onerous conditions always designed to increase Russian influence, to



strengthen her hold on the country and benefit her commerce at the expense of her rivals. Her subsidised and protected trade has been gradually extended under the shelter of a new Customs tariff, framed with much ingenuity to handicap British trade without violating the most-favoured-nation principle. The Belgian Customs staff introduced under anti-British influence—"pour embêter les Anglais"—has worked in the same direction. In many ways the predominant influence of Russia over the feeble ruler and his facile ministers was rapidly reducing Persia to a state of vassalage. The last year has witnessed a change of almost dramatic suddenness. The disasters which befell the Russians in Manchuria, internal disturbances, the movement towards a representative element in the government, the disorganisation of national resources and, perhaps most of all, the depletion of Russian finances have reacted on the position in Persia. The dominant position of Russia and her power of supporting the puppet Shah were severely shaken. The success of the Japanese further served to encourage resistance to European supremacy, or even interference in the administration of the country. These influences so far rallied the patriotic element of the Persian community that a demand for some form of popular government was formulated, and was supported by various public demonstrations of a characteristically oriental nature. It is significant and reassuring that the grounds of the British Embassy were once again selected as the sanctuary of the oppressed. The most instructive circumstance of all is that the Shah felt himself constrained to make "reforms", and some kind of popular assembly has been formed, and has assumed a share in the councils of the nation. The Heir Apparent seems to have recognised its authority and made some concession to its demands. When the recent scheme for a fresh foreign loan to supply the ever necessary Shah was promulgated, the popular representatives opposed an arrangement which would still further restrict Persian independence. They have declared that any fresh public loan should be raised within the country. Unfortunately there is reason to fear that this excellent intention cannot be achieved in practice—for a very good reason. The necessary funds cannot be found among the Persians themselves. Either capitalists do not exist strong enough to carry through so large a transaction, or those who possess funds are afraid to disclose their wealth and unwilling to trust it to their Government without some better guarantee than at present exists. It must be some time before Persia is able to finance herself. For present needs it will apparently be necessary again to have recourse to a foreign loan. On this occasion it has been proposed, with the assent, it is said, of both, that England and Russia should be joint contributories. This significant circumstance further demonstrates the altered position of Russia. It points also to a policy of mutual understanding and concerted action. The advantages of such a measure are beyond question. It is the policy most advantageous to Persia as well as to the two great Powers who are interested in her future. Fully accepted in good faith it would end the antagonism which has long been a source of danger and a cause of unceasing anxiety to the statesmen of all three countries. Two years ago such an opportunity seemed outside the range of possibility. Will our Foreign Office take care that another failure is not added to the long list of blunders which characterise our dealings with Persia? It may be the last chance.

Hitherto the political and commercial rivalry has lain between England and Russia. No other Power had even any pretext for interference. Now the ubiquitous policy of Germany threatens to bring Persia within the sphere of its activity. Neither politically nor commercially has Germany ever had a footing in the Shah's dominions. German interests are in a future wholly of German make. The self-imposed task of creating and controlling a railway from the Levant to Baghdad and the Gulf makes Germany's only title to interest herself in the country lying east of Mesopotamia. That its eastern terminus must lie in Turkish or Arabian territory does not seem to matter. Until the irrigation system which gave Babylon its greatness is re-created, the country traversed by the railway cannot furnish its

traffic or supply an adequate market for German enterprise. Therefore Persia becomes a necessary adjunct of the scheme. This train of reasoning may be sufficient in German opinion to give Germany a voice in the future of the country. But it is the British point of view we have to consider, and it is to our interest that the German pretension should be resisted. Persia will not willingly accept it. The best preventive will be found in an understanding between England and Russia.

#### INTERCOLONIAL PREFERENCE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S message to tariff-reformers in Canada is welcome alike on personal and on public grounds. It is pleasant and heartening to hear, from his temporary retirement, the voice of the great protagonist again. Publicly it is urgent that English attention should be compelled to commercial developments in Canada. Of these none is more important than intercolonial preference. The Canadian Tariff contains important provisions for the extension of preference on these lines. Not only are self-governing colonies included in the tariff resolutions but India and Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and the West Indies; and the preferential tariff can be extended to any British colony or possession simply by Order in Council, without recourse to the Canadian Parliament. It has moreover to be remembered that these Canadian measures are now only one aspect of a movement which is becoming general throughout the empire. Arrangements between Australia and New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, New Zealand and South Africa, and other parts of the empire are in course of negotiation and we are without doubt on the eve of the establishment of a great intercolonial system of commercial treaties which must prove to be of the utmost importance to the future of the empire. Failing an arrangement which would make it possible to extend the preferential tariff to other parts of the empire, the Canadian Government may by Order in Council apply the intermediate tariff, or any isolated rates of the intermediate tariff, to a British colony or possession. Thus an immensely wide range is opened up for negotiation. Neither the preferential nor the intermediate tariff can be abandoned without an Act of Parliament. Preference could not be abandoned without an Act of Parliament, although it may be extended to any colony or possession by Order in Council. The preference cannot be withdrawn from the United Kingdom except by Act of Parliament—a contingency it is quite unnecessary to contemplate. Thus the policy of preference within the empire is fully established and extensively applied except by the United Kingdom.

The importance of the economic and commercial results which will follow from these arrangements can scarcely be exaggerated. At present no doubt the volume of intercolonial trade affected is small, but the possibilities of development are great, and it is an immense gain to the colonies that throughout the period of their growth their industries, their commerce, and in fact all branches of their economic activity, will become gradually dove-tailed into each other. Looking at this colonial movement in the light of the historical development of other great nations, it is safe to say that when the various colonies have reached maturity they will constitute a great brotherhood of nations, with common interests, and in a large measure a similar organisation of their economic institutions. It will follow more immediately that a tariff system which has just been adopted by Canada will be extended to other parts of the empire, and the objects which are sought by Canada in the establishment of the intermediate tariff would become the goal of the ambition of all the other parts of the empire.

The reaction of this movement upon the political relations of the empire is likely to be of far greater importance than the economic or commercial results. The colonies must necessarily get more and more into the habit of settling their affairs without reference to the Metropolis. In the arrangement of their tariffs and their commercial treaties they must constantly have to deal with the claims of foreign countries. The extension of their trade will be followed by

he creation of great interests bound up with their relation to these foreign countries. They themselves must assume as the natural consequence of their development more and more the character of sovereign States. If their separate negotiations with foreign countries begin with trade concerns, it is clear that diplomacy in modern times turns more and more, either directly or indirectly, on trade questions. Colonial negotiations cannot be confined to an exchange of views on modifications that may be desirable in their tariff rates, when those tariff rates themselves are closely related to other questions of mutual interest. Therefore we may say with confidence that the adoption of the intermediate tariff in Canada and the extension of intercolonial preference marks the end of the old Downing Street régime for the control of the diplomatic relations of the colonies. It was stated by Mr. Fielding in his Budget speech that in the normal official course of affairs, if Canada wished to negotiate with Germany the Canadian Government would communicate through the Governor-General with the Colonial Secretary, the Colonial Secretary with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with the British Ambassador at Berlin, the Ambassador with the German Government. In fact, however, Mr. Fielding pointed out this cumbersome procedure was not resorted to. The German Government had in Canada a Consul-General, and if an exchange of views were necessary it was much simpler to ask him to step round and talk matters over than to go through the formalities of official correspondence. In the proceedings which led up to the imposition of the German surtax, the Canadian Government had communicated a special memorandum to the German representative without sending it through the ordinary channels of the Colonial and Foreign Offices. These and other incidents show conclusively that our present constitutional machinery has, so far as the empire is concerned, broken down already.

The provisions for intercolonial preference must also be considered in relation to other transactions in the empire which are not of immediate economic significance. Here in England we consider public affairs as though they could be separated off into water-tight compartments. In all other countries in the world there is a direct and immediate relation between politics and economics. The practice of fiscal independence by the colonies necessarily leads to the discussion of other questions of mutual interest. The conclusion of an arrangement for intercolonial preference naturally trains the colonies concerned to stand together in political questions, and to deal with all questions of colonial interest from much the same point of view. A generation ago incidents like those of the Alaskan boundary dispute, the Newfoundland *modus vivendi*, and the New Hebrides Convention with France might stand alone and exert no considerable influence upon the colonial situation as a whole. With the present movement in full swing it is quite impossible that they should do so. The Newfoundland incident affects not only Newfoundland but every other part of the empire, and similarly with the other questions mentioned. Therefore we may be quite certain that we have reached a crisis in our imperial relations in which we have to find a solution which will meet the wishes of the colonies, satisfy their legitimate ambitions, and bring the United Kingdom into line with the general course of imperial development, or else abandon the empire. We do not mean to suggest that if present difficulties are not successfully overcome at the Colonial Conference in April, the empire will straightway break up, but it is very clear that if we fail to initiate a good solution of these problems in April, the situation will become exceedingly difficult and dangerous. A year ago it would have been possible, had the Government here possessed the necessary powers from the electorate, to avoid most of the dangers and difficulties of the present situation by the establishment of a system of reciprocity with the United Kingdom alongside the schemes of intercolonial preference and the arrangements foreshadowed by the intermediate tariff of Canada. If by some miracle a Government authorised to carry out such a programme were in office three months hence, this might still be possible; but if we are

to wait several years before we can begin such negotiations, and meanwhile have fresh incidents so fraught with danger to imperial interests as the New Hebrides Convention, it is not obvious how the ultimate disruption of the empire is to be prevented.

What then will the Government do? In regard to the political relations of the empire, they have shown a want of political tact and incompetence of administration, and an incapacity for even the orderly conduct of their correspondence with the colonies, without parallel in the recent history of the empire. When they went to the country they denied the existence of a colonial offer, they sneered at the results of preference, they refused to admit the bonafide character of the expressed desire of the colonies to stimulate imperial trade. They did their best to turn the whole discussion of imperial interests on to the lines of the outworn controversy of Free-trade and Protection, they obscured imperial issues by dragging in extraneous questions which had no relation to them. In these circumstances they cannot by any possible stretch of the imagination claim that they have a mandate to deal with any single question which is likely to crop up at the Colonial Conference. It is the duty of Unionists to extract from them explicit declarations of policy in regard to all these subjects and to see that the country is thoroughly roused to the importance of the issues which will have to be considered.

#### THE STEAMSHIP STRUGGLE.

IT is impossible to mistake the significance of the removal of the White Star line from Liverpool to Southampton. It is a hard stroke in the fight of two great nations for mastership of the Atlantic. The British-American steamship company, the White Star and the British Cunard, have for some time past more or less impassively watched the German companies, Hamburg-America and North-German Lloyd tap the passenger traffic of the Continent by calling, on the way across the Atlantic, at Cherbourg and Havre, Dover and Southampton. With somewhat old-fashioned conservatism they have stuck to Liverpool which no Frenchman in his senses would choose as his starting point for the United States, and which is at least as unlikely to allure travellers from other States of Western Europe. Is not Liverpool by all tradition the starting place for America? And who, when a tradition in our dignified world of English commerce is well established, will depart from it till he is frightened and hustled out by the rude foreigner? We must lose a few hundred thousands ere we think of moving, and double the amount at least ere we actually stir. How many pounds and passengers have been lost to the trade of England since the Continental companies made their first great effort for the supremacy of the Atlantic, no one can say; but the amount is not a trifle. For some time past everybody has read of and wondered at the splendid enterprises of the two German steamship companies. We hear a great deal, in another question of the sea, of two-power strength. There is no doubt as to which country has made the boldest bid to have a two-power strength in seaborne commerce. No finer vessels than Germany's Atlantic steamships, if as fine, exist to-day. Germany has well deserved all the additional trade she has won through the English lines lingering at Liverpool, when Liverpool in this matter is slightly out of date. Thanks to the energy alike of her capitalists and working people, and to the restless patriotism of the Emperor—which has inspired this movement particularly—Germany has quickly turned out a little fleet of "floating cities", matchless some of them for size and fleetness together. She has had the start. But at length one of the leading "Anglo-Saxon" lines is coming south to offer battle. The White Star will be settled, with at any rate four boats, at Southampton by June; and it is fairly well known that the Cunard will shortly be following in the same direction. Even without any great changes from their state of seven years ago, the Southampton docks might meet the demands made on them by the White Star line. We remember that in one day—perhaps the day when the "Kildonan Castle"



started—nearly seven thousand troops with all their baggage and stores were easily embarked and sent down Southampton Water before dark. But there has been great activity about the docks of late, and preparations are now being pressed on for the reception of a large number of new steamships. Some definite statements are, we believe, to be made as to the changes and the new trade at the next meeting of the London and South-Western Railway.

Southampton has been a steadily growing place—too growing quite to suit the taste of those who care for her sea and landscapes—since the docks were made; and recently indeed it has been urged that enterprise has been exaggerated and that the town and its suburbs have been overbuilt; but until quite lately the extraordinary advantage this port enjoys in tides has probably been undervalued. It is an advantage that owes nothing to human enterprise. Through the Isle of Wight being so near, and extending east and west of Southampton Water, a strong tide sweeps in from either side. Thus twice a day Southampton is fed by a high tide. There may be some other ports favoured as kindly, but there are none in England or along the coasts of neighbouring countries. Now that the passenger ships have grown to such a huge bulk, this has become a very important consideration. For one thing it does away with the wretched inconvenience and delay of tenders. But owing to the dredging work that has been done of late by the Harbour Board, the very largest Transatlantic steamers may steam up to the dock at any hour of day or night. The Cunard line will shortly add to its fleet the first of its new turbine ships, which in size and speed—twenty-five knots an hour—will surpass even the sea-giants of Germany. It is imperative that ships such as these should on arrival be able to move in deep water up to the point of landing. Size, which with speed is everything in a first-class passenger ship to-day, actually becomes a disadvantage if at the place of arrival it is necessary to hang about awaiting a high tide and to put travellers to the inconvenience of landing by a tender. Half the difficulty perhaps of the ocean lies in the port.

The Cunard Company is wisely reticent about the arrangements it is coming to, but it has slowly been making up its mind for a long time past to get a share of the Continental and South of England traffic. Having resolved to outstrip all the other lines in size and speed combined, the Cunard would hardly be likely to hold back from the competition in the South. We are sure to see some of their new ships here within the next year or so. These ships at their launching may appear to touch the absolute high-water mark in size and modern conveniences, if not in speed too. But this is the impression which almost every new "record" steamship makes on us to-day. One could name a dozen ships built within recent years of which the general view has been that here we have a type not likely to be improved on for many years. Yet in a few years after their launching these record vessels begin to look old-fashioned if not obsolete. Everyone who has sailed down Southampton Water or in the Solent of late must have been struck by the majestic row of great white liners with their red funnels, the colours of the Union-Castle line. If you bring your glasses to bear on these ships you see names which a few years ago stood for all that was efficient, huge and fleet in ocean commerce. Magnificent ships they still remain. Yet they now lie at ease. They have had still more efficient successors, and even these successors may at any time in the near future give place to a new class, so short-lived is a generation in the modern world of ocean steamships. Though an island people we are for the most part born land-lubbers—which is well illustrated by the fact that even gallant admirals readily support a plan for escaping the rigours of the crossing of the English Channel. Most English people live and die sublimely ignorant of all things relating to ships—ships of war and of commerce alike. They hardly get beyond the fact that the "Victory" was the name of the vessel on which Nelson died. It would not be a bad thing if some simple facts about the sea worth and the working of our navies of trade and war were taught in every English school. It would be at least as useful

and interesting as some of the schemes proposed by theorists as a means of keeping the people on the land, or as rifle practice for school infants.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED SEASON.

THERE appears to be a complacent feeling abroad just now that we shall not hear so much of that question which can not be put by, unemployment, this winter as we did in 1904-5-6. Probably, however, before long it will be found that this mood is much too sanguine. A few weeks of such weather as we had at Christmas-time, and we should have found that we still had the unemployed to reckon with. Trade has been improving, and this may easily persuade us to take a more careless view of the matter than the actual position warrants. The improvement of trade undoubtedly acts beneficially on the better and more regularly employed workmen. It prevents many from being thrown out of work, but the classes of workmen who really are difficult to deal with are not so much affected by trade improvement as some people suppose. However good general trade may be, there are in all large towns, and especially in London, great numbers who are never employed in steady work at fair wages. They manage to last without making themselves conspicuous objects of sympathy and charity until real wintry weather begins; then they are like flies nipped by the first frost. As we generally are not in the real grip of winter, unless we have an abnormally hard season, until the middle of January, they manage to straggle along with little more than their ordinary short commons and discomforts up to that point. Then they collapse, and the season of charity and unemployed processions may be expected to be in full swing. Even more hopeful sorts of people than the raw material of these processions, whose trades have been slack in the earlier part of the year, find themselves by February at the end of their tether, and they can no longer put off declaring themselves publicly as in the ranks of the unemployed. Fortunately the cold snap of winter did not last long, and so up to this time the unemployed have not been conspicuous. Indeed, both in the newspapers and in conversation, remarks were made half jeeringly and half congratulatory that there were no unemployed, as the difficulty of getting the streets scavenged sufficiently showed. But the worst pinch does not come on the other side of Christmas; it comes on this. A good number of unemployed did find very temporary occupation; and more of them might have done so if all the local authorities had dealt with the snowfall instead of leaving it, as many of them did, to dissolve slowly of itself in the course of a week or two. The first snow is not a severe enough test to disclose the full extent of unskilled unemployment nor a fortiori of skilled unemployment. A man must be near starvation before he will spend hours up to the ankles sweeping snow-slush for a couple of shillings or so. And before he has quite reached that point his shoes and stockings, if he has any, are in the worst condition imaginable for such an occupation. The better class of unemployed workman may even be expected to undertake snow sweeping before his still poorer brother, being better provided in this respect. If the severe weather had continued, or if it reappears, we do not doubt that the snow test would show that the disappearance of the unemployed would not be complete. One cannot fail now to observe groups of workmen hanging about street corners, or straggling in the streets, or incongruous in appearance joining as amateurs the ranks of the professional gutter merchants with a stock-in-trade even more meagre than theirs.

These are signs of the rising of the gloomy flood of poverty which for many years has overflowed into the streets at this period of the year. The year 1905-6 saw the Unemployed Committee assume shape, but it was never really in working order, because it had not been contrived and constructed in anticipation of distress, but only when distress was at its height. Not much has been heard of it lately, though a report appeared on Friday which does not materially affect this observation; and it dwells chiefly on the obstructions to

administering the Act and very little on favourable prospects. It is the more necessary that the Committee should not leave its preparations until distress becomes widespread and acute, because the processions of unemployed should not be allowed as they have been in previous years. They are a nuisance, and largely a fraud; and knowing this even benevolent people are angered by them, and made hostile to special appeals in the name of the unemployed. Thus not only for the sake of order in the streets, but in the interests of the honest poor it is desirable to prohibit or put down the processions, or to deprive them of all just grounds of public sympathy. This can only be done by its being generally known that provision has been made against the usual winter distress and provision for coping with it. If the public can rely on this being done, then the processions will cease of themselves, and mendicancy under false pretences will not be encouraged. As yet no public statement except what we have mentioned has been made by the Committee of its views as to the prospects of the next two or three months; nor as to the measures it has taken for dealing with conditions similar to those of last year. If by good fortune it happens that any action of the Committee has been the cause of the less open display of poverty than we have previously been accustomed to, it would be very interesting to learn how this has been done, and to be assured that the Committee really serves the purpose for which it was created. It is known that Mr. Burns consented with reluctance to make a grant of £200,000—though only some £40,000 has yet been allotted—and his speeches show that he has not much enthusiasm for its operations. He has positively frowned down the farm colonies system, which was the most important business entrusted to the Committee.

What then has the Committee done or is it doing? We used to hear last winter of the lack of plans for providing work for the unemployed, because the local authorities never gave their attention to the matter beforehand but left everything to be hastily done on the spur of the moment. There were suggestions as to this kind of work or the other which could be organised without trusting to providential snowstorms to aid the unemployed. It was organisation and co-ordination that was wanted, it was said, and the problem would be solved. Has all this then been thought out and arranged in the interval, or are things in the same position as they were when the Committee was formed in a hurry. Apparently they are, unless they are worse as the report seems to suggest. Much has taken place which makes us fear that, whether the winter is mild or severe, there is a frost in the Committee. There are Mr. Burns' speeches, and there is the refusal of the Government to extend the powers and operations of the Committee. The £200,000 was granted grudgingly, as if the intention were only to use the Committee as a temporary makeshift from which not much was hoped for in the future. Organisation is not much different from what it was last year, and it has been difficult to get subscriptions. The grant has been itself a hindrance to them. Apart from the objections in principle to farm colonies taken by Mr. Burns, the disclosures as to the West Ham and Poplar farm colonies, where crowds of men had nothing to do but kill time and live expensively on the rates, aroused the distrust of the public in similar schemes for the unemployed. Owing to the malpractices of the West Ham and Poplar Guardians an atmosphere of suspicion has gathered around all projects undertaken by public bodies outside their ordinary duties; and in all probability the Committee has felt its influence. It depended largely for success on the public sympathy and contributions; and it has either been snubbed by officials or exposed to influences which cannot have stimulated its energies. In these circumstances it is desirable that a general statement, not tables of figures, should be made as to the position, prospects, and means and plans of the Committee. For whatever may be the state of trade, prosperous or otherwise, the unemployed are constantly being manufactured by the vicissitudes of industrial and commercial life. In London especially changes have led to the congestion of labour, not the less distressful to the individual because the changes may not imply national loss. If

the Committee has broken down there is urgent need of more efficient machinery to take its place; if it has not broken down, it has persisted in spite of Mr. Burns, for he has had little good to say of it. Perhaps he is reflecting profoundly on what he will do in 1908 when the Unemployed Act expires.

### THE CITY.

NOTHING puzzles the ordinary man more than the contrast between the state of trade in the country and the state of business on the Stock Exchange. The reports of bankers and the figures of the Board of Trade show that trade is booming, the value of our exports and imports reaching totals never before attained. Yet business on the Stock Exchange continues to languish, and a persistent "malaise" seems to hang over Throgmorton Street. Gilt-edged securities refuse to go up: indeed Consols and India Threes keep on shedding fractions: London County Council Threes stand at 89; while the best Home Rails, such as Lancashire and Yorkshire (with a certain dividend of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and a possible  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in February) stick at absurdly low prices. A few years ago a stock like Lancashire and Yorkshire, instead of being 104, would have stood at 130. The explanation of this depression is summed up in the one word—money. Probably none but the more sanguine speculators expected that the Bank rate would be reduced on Thursday. But the 6 per cent. rate has lasted a good long time now, and is certainly a most inconvenient obstacle to all except bankers. Why should anyone buy securities to pay 4 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. when he can lend money through his brokers at almost double that rate, or buy Russian bonds to pay him over  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.? It is quite certain that there will be no general upward movement on the Stock Exchange until the Bank rate is reduced, and when that will be nobody seems inclined to prophesy. Three causes unfortunately have combined to produce this shortage of gold; the booming state of trade all over the world, which demands a great deal of gold for wages: the inconsiderate action of Wall Street operators: and the enormous borrowings of the British, Russian and Japanese Governments. On the top of the South African and Russo-Japanese wars the late Government passed an Irish Land Purchase Act, which will involve the ultimate lending of £175,000,000 to Irish tenants. No country however rich can afford, without financial derangement, a war costing £220,000,000, and a Land Act costing £175,000,000. Then there is the London County Council always watching to borrow four or five millions for some scheme or other. It may be urged in answer, that booming trade ought to increase the capital of the nation proportionately. But there is too much reason to fear that the cost of production has increased in a greater ratio than the volume, and that consequently a big business is being done at very small profit to the capitalist.

It is often remarked that American speculators act as if Wall Street was the world, and there were no such thing as an international money market. The 15 per cent. contango on American Rails at the last account here was a sharp jerk of the curb, and Yankees have remained in poor plight ever since. In the American market the best securities always suffer the most, and Union Pacifics have fallen to the neighbourhood of 185, having at one time touched 200. Large amounts of money have been given for the "call" of these shares at the end of January, and unless prices shoot up in the next fortnight there will be some ugly losses. Yet the people who have bought options on Unions are among the best informed in the City, so that the situation may be reversed at any moment. Great Northern Preferred and Northern Pacifics have fallen about 40 points. The hardest stock in this market is Steel Commons, which no hammering by bears seems able to depress for more than a day. This is not to be wondered at, as the earnings of the Steel Trust during the past year have beaten all records, while their orders for the year to come are gigantic. It is anticipated, not without



reason, that the dividend on Steel Commons will be increased this spring, in which case the shares will, or ought to, go to 60. Southern Commons at 33 are cheap, not only on their merits but on the prospect of a reconstruction of capital which will benefit the ordinary stock. Canadian Pacifics have been remarkably steady at 199 to 200.

Mining shares suffer less from dear money than Government Bonds or railway securities. The mining market is the arena of speculators, and when mining shares do move they move so briskly that a 10 per cent. contango "cuts no figure" in the operation. The much abused and long neglected Kaffirs have been quite rehabilitated in the last fortnight. Some of the changes have been quite substantial. Rand Mines, East Rands, and Apex have all risen as much as £1, while Modderfontein have risen nearly £2. Whether Rand Mines at 7½, East Rands at 5½, and Modderfontein at 6½ are good purchases it is impossible to say: these prices are 50 per cent. lower than those of 1902, just before the declaration of peace. But then those prices may have been 50 per cent. higher than the intrinsic values. We do not think that South Africans will fall back into their old slough of despond, because it is now quite evident that all political parties in the Transvaal recognise that they cannot do without the mines, and that until a substitute can be found the Chinese coolies will not be repatriated, let Messrs. Churchill & Co. rage never so furiously. The French and German financiers see this, even if the British public does not; and so we predict higher prices for Kaffirs. The great success of the group who promoted Siberian Proprietary, and its subsidiaries Troitz and Orsk, has naturally excited a good deal of jealousy on the Stock Exchange, and provoked the "bear" to issue from his lair. Quite a scare about Russian mining titles has been started, and consequently "Siberian Props" and its satellites have fallen a little. There are no doubt some defective titles in the hands of promoters; but it is so obviously to the interest of the Russian Government to encourage the immigration of British capital, that we have no fear of the Tsar suddenly coming to the assistance of the bears. At the same time, caution should be exercised in buying the shares of the many new Siberian ventures that have recently come out, and will continue to come out. We understand that Orsk Goldfields will shortly issue a new subsidiary, which ought to put up the price of its shares. The "Deep Lead" propositions in Victoria (Australia) are amongst the most interesting of gold-mining enterprises, and will, we believe, furnish the mining sensation of the near future. The "wash" of the old river beds has been proved to be phenomenally rich in places: the only question is whether the gold gravel is sufficiently plentiful and continuous to yield big results. In a few weeks, Messrs. Bewick and Moreing assure us, we shall know. Nearly all copper shares have naturally been good gambling counters, and in this category "Chillagoes" are said to be among the best.

The Corporation of Western Egypt invites the public to take £235,143 shares (out of a capital of £500,000) at £1. It appears to be a company formed to exploit railway, land, and mineral concessions, on the value of which we express no opinion. But we see that the chairman, Sir John Ardagh, allows himself to be described in the prospectus as "Representative of the British Government on the Board of Administration of the Suez Canal Company". After a distinguished career, Sir John Ardagh has retired from the War Office, and there can be no objection to his making an income by director's fees. But there is a serious objection to his using a Government appointment to further the promoters' ends. The idea likely to be conveyed to the intending subscriber by the above announcement is that the British Government is in some way backing the Corporation of Western Egypt; or why mention the fact that the chairman is a representative of the British Government? That the Egyptian Government is backing the railway scheme is true, but that is not quite the same thing.

#### THE CLERICAL, MEDICAL AND GENERAL.

THE Clerical, Medical and General Life Assurance Society was founded in 1824 when the relations between policyholders and proprietors were much less favourable to the assured than is customary at the present time. If we remember rightly the proprietors originally took one-half and at a later date one-sixth of the profits, which at the 1886 valuation amounted to £62,500. In 1887 it was deemed appropriate to give the participating policyholders a larger share of the surplus and it was consequently arranged that the proprietors should not take more than £62,500 until one-tenth of the profits exceeded this amount. The valuation report which has just been published shows a total surplus of £672,864, of which £652,431 is distributed among the policyholders and proprietors. In accordance with the existing regulations the assured received nine-tenths of this amount and the shareholders one-tenth. The proprietors' share thus exceeds by some £3,000 the amount that resulted from taking one-sixth of the surplus twenty years ago. This is an admirable way of carrying out a readjustment of the rights of policyholders and proprietors respectively. The assured now receive 90 per cent. of the surplus which is the most usual arrangement in proprietary companies while the shareholders, owing to the increased prosperity of the Society, are receiving larger dividends than formerly although their proportion of the profits is substantially less.

Another valuable and exceptional feature of the Clerical, Medical and General is the ingenious system adopted for dealing with impaired lives and other cases, such as naval and military officers, in which the risk is greater than usual. Speaking generally the amount of bonus is determined by the premiums paid during the valuation period. An impaired life is charged a higher rate of premium, and receives a larger bonus than a healthy policyholder of the same age. It is fitting that people judged to be of inferior health should pay more for their assurance than healthy lives; it is also fitting that when experience proves that the state of health did not result in premature death the benefits from bonuses should make up for the extra paid in premiums. This is the general principle upon which the profits of the Society are divided among the policyholders, but there are special adjustments which still further improve the method. The financial strength of the Society is shown by the fact that it values its liabilities on the basis of interest at 2½ per cent., and actually earns interest upon its funds at 3½, thus leaving a contribution to surplus at the rate of £1 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum of the funds. In addition to providing for liabilities on this stringent basis additional reserves have been retained for various purposes. Among others, provision for expenses has been made at the rate of 20 per cent. of the premiums for participating policies and 10 per cent. of without-profit premiums. This provision greatly exceeds the expenditure actually incurred, and constitutes a substantial further source of future profits.

The bonus report gives a detailed balance-sheet of the securities, amounting to £4,667,658, which the Society holds. These are set out in full and enable anyone to judge for himself of the reality of the assets and the value assigned to them. This is a feature which is adopted by only a few companies at the present time, and which, in amending the Life Assurance Companies Acts, might well be made compulsory. The Clerical, Medical assigns to securities the price at which they were purchased. Not having been written up to their market value in the past, they remain, even in present circumstances, worth a sum largely in excess of the cost at which they stand in the Society's books. In years of past prosperity and high prices the Society thus had a large hidden reserve, which stands them in good stead at the present time, when many other offices are compelled to write off large amounts for depreciation. This is only one illustration out of many of the prudent management of the Clerical, Medical and General, which in every detail of its business works in the best possible way with the most successful results.

## TWO PLAYS.

THE present programme for matinées at the Court Theatre includes two plays, each of a kind not usual in London. "The Reformer" is well described by its author, Mr. Cyril Harcourt, as "a very light comedy". The shrinking of English playgoers from anything really light (unless there be song and dance in it) is almost as marked as their dislike of anything really solid. They don't want to think or feel deeply, but they are ashamed of laughing continuously. Mr. Bernard Shaw they like, because, though he keeps them in fits of laughter, they have been (very truly) told that he is a man of serious purpose; and the knowledge that this purpose lurks somewhere in his work is enough to justify their frivolity for them. If one could make them perceive something of his purpose, his popularity would, I fear, begin to wane. If one could inoculate them with a belief that Mr. Cyril Harcourt is trying to prove something, "The Reformer" might, I think, become a great success. I should be glad. For it is an admirably fresh little play. The central figure is a Mrs. Rockingham, a young widow, who has always held strong views on the moral laxness of the aristocracy. Herself not socially august, she has never been able to effect the reforms that seethe in her. She is delighted, therefore, to have become engaged to be married to Lord Crowborough, who, though brainless, is august. She is going to be very exclusive. Her doors will be closed to all but the immaculate few. One of the persons who will not be on her "list" is a certain Mr. Lowndes, who once asked her to elope with him. She hears, by the way, that Miss Carew, a friend of hers, is engaged to Mr. Lowndes, and she persuades Miss Carew to renounce him for his hideous past. Mr. Lowndes (who is really another person of the same name) staggers under the blow, and decides that the only thing to be done is the thing invariably done by jilted gentlemen on the stage: to go away and shoot big-game. He announces this scheme to Lord Crowborough, whose breast is so torn with envy that he forthwith asks whether there is a "w" in the word "renounce", and writes a letter of farewell to Mrs. Rockingham. Her fury at having been jilted ("especially by a man who spells 'renounce' with an 's'!") is assuaged by an offer of marriage from another man, who is really in love with her, and is hardly less august than Lord Crowborough himself. This baronet is, for me, the one dull figure in the comedy. Surely we have had enough of the polished bachelor of fifty who spends his whole time in enunciating platitudes to ladies in difficulties, and evidently supposing (and leading the author to suppose) that he is rather helpful—"Come, little lady, think it over—think it over!"—"Leave it to me, little lady—leave it to me!" The part of the baronet was evidently written with an eye on Sir Charles Wyndham. But he, wise man, has fled the country. Mr. Allan Aynesworth was less fleet-footed, and makes the best of a bad job. Mr. Sydney Brough, as Lord Crowborough, scores a great success. As I have often said, restraint is the one thing he needs in comedy; and in the atmosphere of the Court Theatre he restrains himself beautifully. Miss Eva Moore is charming as Mrs. Rockingham; and the consciously capable, sensible air that she has, moreover, points well the irony of the part.

"The Campden Wonder" sounds rather like a rose, but is something very different indeed. In Campden, in the seventeenth century, lived a certain Mrs. Perry, a widow with two sons. Neither of the sons was clever, but Richard, the younger, was good, and John, the elder, was bad. Richard earned higher wages than John, who spent the greater part of his time in drinking. The two quarrelled; and John determined to avenge himself for the taunts that had been thrown at him by Richard. Mr. Harrison, their master, had been missing for several days. Would it not, John asked himself, be a good thing to accuse himself, his mother, and Richard, of having murdered Mr. Harrison for gold? The more he thought the plan over, the better he liked it. And, in due course, the three were sent to the gallows. Just after they had been hanged, Mrs. Harrison arrived at the gaol to announce that her husband had come safely home.

Such, briefly, is the story which Mr. John Masefield tells us. And, on the whole, very well he tells it. The first of the three scenes is rather tedious, by reason of the manner of the quarrel between the brothers. "Ye're a drunken sot, John Perry." "No, I bain't." "Yes, you be." "Oh, I'm a drunken sot, am I?" "Yes, and you're a disgrace to Campden." "No, I bain't." "Yes, you be." "Oh, I'm a disgrace to Campden, am I?" John says Richard has "crossed him" in his work. Richard denies that. John repeats it. Richard then calls him a drunken sot; and so on, round and round, interminably. Now, I dare say that the Gloucestershire peasants in the seventeenth century did not excel in the bright cut and thrust of controversy. I have no doubt that this scene between John and Richard is perfectly true to life—so far as it goes. For perfect truth, I dare say, it ought to go much further. But perfect truth to life is not art. And this scene, even so far as it goes, is very much too long. It is right that we should feel the dullness of these two peasant minds. But dullness is a thing which the artist should suggest. He ought not to drill it into us. Mr. Masefield ought to have started his play in the middle of the quarrel: "I tell's ee agen, John Perry, ye're a drunken sot", &c. My idea of the dialect may not be sound. But Mr. Masefield will perceive that dramatically I am right. For he has a very keen instinct for drama. The second scene—the scene of the confession—abounds in dramatic touches; and the third scene—the gaol scene—is so constructed that nothing is lacking to the full horror of the story; and this horror is intensified by various expedients, such as the mother's unfaltering tenderness for her son John, and as the ornate platitudes of the parson, and as the cheerfully querulous garrulity of Mrs. Harrison when she arrives and wonders where are the prisoners for whom she has brought the good news. Oh yes, the whole thing is decidedly harrowing.

Decidedly harrowing, also, is the sight of a man having a fit in the street. If that sort of incident were cleverly dramatised, it would be decidedly harrowing on the stage. Why doesn't clever Mr. Masefield proceed to dramatised it? I think I hear him say "Because it would be inartistic. Because it would be horror for horror's sake". And pray, what else is "The Campden Wonder"? I am not, as my readers know, squeamish. I have no patience with critics who, off-hand, condemn a play because the theme of it is painful—"morbidity", as they used to call it. There is nothing necessarily morbid in what isn't cheerful. "Othello", for example, isn't morbid. Life, as a whole, isn't morbid, though it abounds in tragedy. I consider that one of the main faults of our modern stage is the dearth of tragedies. Why do our dramatists (Mr. Shaw excepted) so carefully eschew every tragic element in life? "Yes, why?" echoes Mr. Masefield. "And why not, therefore," (I told you he was clever) "be a little more cordial about 'The Campden Wonder'?" "Because", I reply, "it has not enough relation to life". Yet the things narrated in it actually happened? Oh yes, I remember being told the story some years ago, and remarking "How very curious!" Suppose that the actual facts had been pleasant instead of painful. Suppose that John Perry had one day received a message announcing that he was the rightful earl of the district, and his mother the dowager countess; and suppose that Richard Perry, on that same day, had discovered a gold-mine under his garden; and suppose that this access of general good fortune had so sobered John that he lived happily ever after in the bosom of his family. If that had been the story repeated to me, I should have said with equal fervour "How very curious!" But, had anyone suggested that it would make a good play, I should have pointed out that it was really *too* curious for that purpose. Similarly, John Perry's determination to avenge himself on his brother by sending himself and his brother and his (quite unoffending) mother to the gallows is really *too* curious to be squared with the requirements of tragic art. John Perry is obviously not a responsible person; and, for the pivot of a tragedy, we (lacking the Greeks' belief in maleficent deities) must have human responsibility: no lunatic need apply. Conceivably, if "The Campden Wonder" were not a mere unrelated episode in three scenes,



but a full-sized play, and if John Perry were not a half-witted drunkard . . . but no! if John Perry were but a normally bad human being, he would not, with however great a motive for vengeance, behave as he does here. "Normally!" laughs Mr. Masfield. And I admit that critics have often angrily flourished the word "normal" in the eyes of artists whose themes have merely been not commonplace. Though the greatest themes are the commonplace themes, certainly, I would not venture to hinder an artist from availing himself of strange themes. But, again, such themes must be normally strange. The sort of thing that could never have happened before, and could never happen again, is all very well as the subject of an anecdote in conversation; but art needs for its theme something that is, at least somewhere, rooted in life. Be the theme pleasant or unpleasant, and more especially if it be unpleasant, it must have also some measure of significance. "The Campden Wonder" means nothing. It is (if I may quote the striking words that I made Mr. Masfield use in a similar connexion) horror for horror's sake. I hope Mr. Masfield will soon find some theme worthy of his evident power for tragedy. Then I shall go and be harrowed with the greatest pleasure.

MAX BEERBOHM.

### THE GOLDEN AGE.

A DRYAD in the solitude of the forest has laid herself down under the deep shade of trees and lies asleep; a little faun with fur-tipped ears has curled himself beside her and sleeps also. There are red and white anemones in the grass about them; a butterfly shows its gorgeous wings on the leaves above, through which come spots of the noon-sunshine to dapple pearly shadows on the fair flesh. Brown deer softly approaching, with mild eyes, lower their antlers, and wait hesitating for the first alarm. Beyond the dark foliage is seen a solitary glade, steeped in sun, with clumps of heavy-shadowed thicket on slopes of verdure. I am trying to describe a picture, the most beautiful, I think, of fifteen pictures exhibited by Mr. C. H. Shannon at the Leicester Galleries.\* But what are words? Anyone who sees the picture will see far more than my words can suggest, and may note at the same time the felicity of the square design, with the repeated lines of the stags' necks bending into the picture, and the depth of vista completing the eye's pleasure.

To me this picture is something new in English art, new as Keats' poems were in English verse; and I find myself so wholeheartedly captivated by its charm that I cannot criticise. I am rash enough to think that most lovers of beauty who have not allowed themselves to be sophisticated by theories will share my delight and admiration. And yet I know there are some who will be provoked to irritation and resentment by the very poetry of such a picture. Lingers in the backwaters of realism, survivors who have not managed to survive the prejudices of the 'eighties and the early 'nineties, they still believe that anything savouring of poetry is a kind of claptrap in painting; they still protest that there is something underhand and rather immoral in trying to get extra marks by choosing a subject that has inherent power to charm, or even by treating the medium of paint as something in itself capable of beauty. What lies behind this attitude, at first sight so singular, is the quite genuine desire to have done, once for all, with the stale confection of vaguely classic subject, exercises in which are supposed to mark an elevated aim. It is the desire for frankness and spontaneity, at all costs, with the implied assumption that a painter cannot genuinely be interested in subjects not taken from what he actually sees. Infinite, indeed, are the possibilities in our daily life for the artist, but it must be some permanent element in it of interest or beauty that he seizes, if he is to succeed. We may remember the angry impatience of Carlyle with Keats and Tennyson for making poems "at this time of day" out of old Greek myths, instead of grappling with the grim realities of the present: and yet those poems

\* I did not know, when undertaking a brief preface, on the spirit of Mr. Shannon's work, to the catalogue of this exhibition, that I should be called on to review it in the course of regular criticism.

continue to delight. Mr. Shannon paints "The Golden Age" (it is the actual title of his large picture now at the New Gallery); and I think with an absolutely genuine and sincere inspiration. And what more perennial interest is there than the interest of all of us in Utopia, however and wherever fancied?

The "Wood Nymph", just described, is probably the most beautiful picture in this little exhibition; and it has nothing of the weakness to which Mr. Shannon, like all imaginative designers, is liable; the tendency to sacrifice naturalness in pose and purpose in gesture to the rhythmical relations of the design. In "The Mill Pond" and "The Sapphire Bay" this tendency is now and again quite perceptible, as of course it is in the giant composers of the past. We feel the curves a little over-suave. And the artist has in recent years been passing through a phase, in which he seemed in danger of disappointing the rich promise of his gift by an excess of thoughtful refinement. But he has renewed his youth; and these new pictures are distinguished by a great increase of confidence and energy both in colour and handling. Once perhaps over-fond of low tones, Mr. Shannon now admits vigorous reds into his colour-schemes, and gains wonderfully in glow and force.

The bent of the present day in painting is all towards observation of actuality and character, and those who have submitted their minds to this bent will inevitably find in such an art as Mr. Shannon's a certain antagonism; they are led probably to exaggerate what they will call the factitious element in his compositions; they will dislike the deliberate thought which goes to the planning of his designs. And yet what is it that anyone, with the masterpieces of painting in his memory, must find to be the capital defect in our modern exhibitions? It is just the lack of thought and design, the haste and shallowness to which the effort for frankness and spontaneity at all costs is inevitably liable. And there is, I feel, in Mr. Shannon's conceptions something truly fresh and original, which ought at once to be distinguished from the second-hand imagination. If, like all those in whom the rhythmic, creative impulse is strong, he prefers to throw his stored-up observation of nature into imagined scenes, the observation is there; few living artists could paint flesh in luminous shadow with such truth and charm. But the aim of imaginative art being to communicate a mood through its creations, he has to control his material into a unity both of design and of atmosphere; and this is where so many able painters, especially those of the modern schools, conspicuously fail.

It is singular that the genius of England, rich and puissant above all things in imaginative power as it has shown itself all through our literature, should have achieved so little in imaginative art. The inertness which prevents so much latent capacity in our race not only from finding but from seeking expression has lain with more than usual weight upon our painters. It is the more singular, because the most typical of our poets are specially rich in pictorial qualities; indeed, the debt of Keats to painting would make matter for an interesting essay. But our great painters of the eighteenth century either did not attempt works of real imagination or failed in them. Not till the Pre-Raphaelites and Watts is there any body of work that could serve as a model in this field: and in the paintings of the former there is a strain and effort which were concentrated on a style not really congenial to the English instinct and tradition of breadth. Watts shows the English power in its strength and weakness; and an artist of Mr. Shannon's tendencies must follow in his line. But only the unintelligent could fail to distinguish the inherent difference. It is because art of this kind, art making the same sort of appeal to us through its own medium that a poem makes, has been so rarely achieved that Mr. Shannon's growing power is particularly to be welcomed; our race ought to develop, and I feel confident it will, its latent power in painting as it has in poetry; and such pictures as Mr. Shannon's "Wood Nymph" and his "Hermes bearing the Infant Bacchus over the Waves" will more and more be prized as time goes on.

It is rather late in the day to write of the small exhibition still on view at the Rowley Gallery in Silver

Street, Kensington, as it has been open for some little time: but it is well worth a visit. Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Livens, Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. Priestman show pictures; Mr. Wells and Mr. Derwent Wood some excellent small bronzes. Mr. Brangwyn displays his usual force in half a dozen canvases. It is a pity that he does not oftener develop his sketches into pictures; his pictures, in general, remain only sketches on a large scale. They are apt to lack thought and content, with the result that they strike hard at first sight but do not woo; they have no secrets. Mr. Brangwyn gives us first thoughts for subjects that we feel are capable of much more development and exploration than he cares to bestow on them: and this is tantalising in a man of his brilliant gift, who has eyes for such scenes as he paints among the old houses and canals of Bruges or by the Thames side at Hammersmith. But doubtless the truth is that Mr. Brangwyn is unjust to himself on small canvases; in decorative work on a great scale he shows the true bent of his mastery. Mr. Livens, on the other hand, cares much for quality; perhaps in his "Evening Meal" he is over-careful in research for it. One fears the effect of time and atmosphere, especially in London, on painting already so low in tone. But I would prefer to dwell rather on the intimate fine feeling with which this interior and its two quiet figures are painted. This artist puts a feeling into his drawing and into his atmosphere which is too rare in these days. There are several of the studies of cocks and hens of which Mr. Livens is so fond, and which prove admirable material for little pictures of rich surface and colour. Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. Priestman are well represented, though one would like to see the former strike a new vein, and shake off the monotony which besets nearly all our landscape painters.

LAURENCE BINYON.

#### WET PAINT.

IN his fondness for labels and signposts and notices of all kinds man is quite a peculiar animal. He is satisfied with nothing until it is labelled. He labels his friends, his passions, his pleasures, and he cannot build himself a house without putting a label of some sort on the front gate. His ambition is not, it seems, to be liked or to be feared or to be respected, but to be labelled. So he gets himself labelled great, or clever, or M.P., or J.P., or actor, or omnibus driver, and then he is content. There is no distinction in being a man, but there is considerable distinction in being an omnibus driver. Not to be labelled is to be a failure. A man does not feel safe without a label on which are written his name and address and destination; he is afraid of finding himself in the lost property office of the world. So that he protests against the simple label "man". And that is why all attempts at a Utopia, at a common brotherhood, have failed. Dreamers of Utopian dreams have made too much use of the label "man". They have not realised that man's desire is to increase rather than to reduce the number of labels, to entangle rather than to disentangle life. And with this desire to label goes the desire to put up notices and signboards. It would not be difficult to trace much of the character of a country from its signboards. They are, in a way, the national literature, and they have a curt, quaint eloquence of their own. What an essay a sentimentalist could write on Wet paint, Trespassers will be prosecuted, Silence, No admittance except on business, Way out, Private, Keep to the left, Rubbish may be shot here, No footpath, Full house, Shut this gate, Standing room only. Here is a history of modern England, written by humanity. It is not dry history. There are sentiment and pathos and humour in it. What a world of meaning, for instance, in "Standing room only". Nearly everyone has felt at some time that there is only standing room left, and has called out that it is unfair. You have taken a ticket for the world only to find there is not a seat left, that you are too late, and the seats are booked. Years ago when there was more space a comfortable seat was, it seems, not so difficult to get, but now wherever you go you may find the notice "Standing room only", and sometimes the more decisive "Full house". So that you feel inclined to complain somewhat strongly

at the booking-office, to ask to have your money back. You are disappointed with the entertainment; you do not care to watch it from the back of the pit; you are annoyed by the notice "Standing room only". Perhaps you have got a wrong impression from art, from literature. You have read a library instead of reading a book. You would like to live, say, Shakespeare, or Walter Pater, or a little Gautier, and you find you are expected to live some intangible thing called life. And you end by calling art magnificent and life a poor copy of it. You would do better possibly if you avoided art and decorated your room with notices and signboards. It would be more healthy than a room furnished with old masters. It would produce a philosopher. You would have round you nearly all the rules of life and most of the philosophies. You would not be living only with Murillo, or Raphael, or Velasquez, but with humanity. How necessary to have the notice "Silence" in your room, and "Wet paint" and "Trespassers will be prosecuted". The fascination of the world is that it is labelled "Wet paint". You can seldom pass a "Wet paint" notice without wanting to touch the paint to find out whether it is really wet or not, and you are always trying to persuade yourself that it is dry and harmless. It was the first notice. The apple was labelled "Wet paint", and in that of course was its fascination. Every man, even a Gibbon, has a desire to be dangerous, to be labelled "Wet paint", and every woman is attracted by the label. It would be a good plan to have the notice above your mantelpiece and on each side to put "Silence" and "Trespassers will be prosecuted". Silence is in danger of going out of date. The century insists on noise. To be heard now it is necessary to shout. It is as if the world, the great machine, were ceasing to run smoothly, as if the twentieth century had missed its gear. The staple industry of civilisation is the prosecuting of trespassers. But it is easy to get into the habit of looking on the notice as a safe and kindly guide to a short cut. It is seldom put up unless you can get some benefit from ignoring it; and the tendency is to make too many short cuts and to get into the inevitable difficulties. There are however good trespassers, masters of the short cut. They have a way of taking a short cut into your mind, of ignoring the threatening notice, of getting off the beaten track of intercourse. And you welcome them into your preserves, give yourself away, as the phrase goes, and later, when you are alone, you may very likely decide now that the short cut has been found to make it more or less a right-of-way. But trespassing has ceased to be recognised as a high art, and with its decadence has gone out a kind of literature. Borrow was the last of the trespassers. We are all afraid of the notice "No footpath", so representative of civilisation and society. Borrow was his own footpath. But now we keep to the road, the public highway, where the others are, and where the work is done. We are afraid of coming across the alarming notice "Private". The most consoling notice is "Rubbish may be shot here". It is a relief from the unrelenting attitude of the others. It is good to know that there is a corner in the world for rubbish. There is a certain hospitality about the notice. A curt but kindly notice is "Way out", and "Shut this gate" is good to live with. It is the last notice; we all have to "Shut this gate". Yes, they are a rather cheerless lot, these notices. They have sprung direct from life, and they have no polish, no refined literary finish. They have an almost painful directness and sincerity. Take for instance "No admittance except on business". Here you have the great rule of life. The notice hangs over the door of the world and it is the first you have to read. You are here on business, and if you have no work to do you are told, as the slang phrase rather aptly puts it, that you have no business here, that you are an interloper. You are haunted by the notice, and it affects your leisure, so that when you go, say, to the seaside you have a guilty feeling that you are evading some law, and you try to compromise by making a stern business of a game of golf. The chief charm of a place by the sea comes, in fact, from its seductive notices. There is little danger of meeting "No admittance except on business", and there is the cheerful



"To the sea", or the inviting "Bed and breakfast half a crown", or the almost irresistible "Roll and butter and a pot of tea sixpence".

## SOME MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

### II.—HYPERBOREAN.

THE secret of making a garden beautiful is to let art unobtrusively assist nature. But there are situations where you are absolutely dependent on nature to help you even to a beginning. There is no bleaker district in Scotland than Buchan, swept bare by the biting winds from the Pole. When a tree shows its head above cover, it is gripped and twisted and bent to the west. As a rule you might as well try to grow palms in the steppes of Siberia. But happily there are what are called Dens in these parts, deep little hollows over which the winds blow harmlessly and where the temperature is tolerably equable all the year round. They are the more enjoyable that they are so many smiling oases in the waste; as Jeffreys said of his keeper getting out of a sharp east wind into a sheltered wood, stepping down into one of them is like putting on a heavy great coat. I know one in special where the central garden walk climbs the stiff brae between luxuriant fuchsia hedges; and there are detached fuchsia bushes of great circumference and considerably higher than a man's head. Never matted, it is only after extraordinary winters that they have been cut down to sprout again. In one of two side dens is a garden of flowering grasses; in another a fernery, with rockeries shrouded in the broad fronds, including even the rare and warmth-loving *Osmagunda*. Johnson when he went on his Hebridean tour declared that he had not seen a respectable tree between S. Andrews and Aberdeen. With all his prejudices, were he posting northwards now, he would be constrained to give a very different report. Lord Cockburn in his "Circuit Journeys" speaks of the marvellous changes in his time, and the taste for horticulture has developed with the spread of the woods. The beech and the elm attain magnificent proportions, and flowers may be seen blooming round the most exposed farmsteadings, sheltered by the kindly bourtree bushes, and an outer screen of storm-beaten ashes. There are favoured spots in romantic situations in these parts, where the proprietor is his own gardener and has fondly cherished each separate bed, so that you might fancy yourself in the Riviera. I recall the retreat of a crabbed old doctor, who tended it personally in the intervals of agonising gout. It was a tiny terrace, on a steep overhanging the Don, a mile or less above Byron's Brig of Balgowrie. It was such a brilliant blaze of colour in summer as you see on a Haarlem tulip farm, and came on you as an enchanting surprise when you had been shivering under leaden skies and the sea-fret. But for colouring in these Northern latitudes you must go to the lochs and sea on the Western coast. A friend of mine, with an unfortunate passion for horticulture, half ruined himself by building a Palladian villa, and laying out such terraced gardens as court the sun at Posillipo or Sorrento. They were warmed by the Gulf Stream and watered by the soft rains of the Atlantic. They would have tempted Titian or Paul Veronese to leave sacred subjects and turn to flower-painting. I have never seen elsewhere such vivid tints on the gladiolus, and there was a shimmering transparency in the whites of the lilies and arums which reminded me of the fringes of the clouds in a watery sunset in Western Ireland. As there were grouse moors attached with first-rate snipe and plover shooting, he had never any difficulty in letting his Paradise at a fancy rent to wealthy strangers. Nor had the enthusiastic horticulturist made much of a change for the worse when he built himself a little lodge in his heathery wilderness. In soil that was literally peat, it was natural enough that in the course of a few years he should have grown superb rhododendrons and azaleas. In a hot summer afternoon the air was laden with the fragrance of his flowers, and as for his cabbages, in the words of the

Ettrick Shepherd in the "Noctes", they were big as balloons.

In Scotland as in England the gardens of the great mansions are much the same everywhere. In them, laid out and kept up regardless of cost, you are apt to feel as if you were got up in court dress, and must be careful of committing any breach of etiquette on paths where a fallen leaf was an eyesore. Scotch gardeners are famous all the world over, and in the grand gardens, allowing for temperature, Caledonia more than holds her own, from Dunrobin to Drummond Castle. What is more characteristic are the somewhat melancholy survivals of a troubled past, when the lady of some castle or lonely tower had few and limited pleasures. But the taste for flowers existed even then, though it was primitive and struggled with difficulties. When the nearest neighbours were probably your worst enemies, Scotland was dotted over with fortalices, and Aberdeenshire is specially rich in bastioned and turreted keeps, modelled on the feudal castles of Touraine. Round most of them, within the shattered foundations of the outer wall, you may still trace the garden, and if by chance the soil is turned up deep, the roots of some tenacious plants will revive again. Jesse in his "Gleanings" tells of the same thing in Richmond Park where flowers that had seemed to have suspended vitality for centuries began to bloom freshly as before when disinterred. Where the castle has been kept up, though falling from laird to farmer, the garden beautiful in decay is still in existence. In one of these I had many a happy morning which will always dwell in the memory. Two or three oak-panelled rooms, to which you ascended by the corkscrew staircase of foot-worn granite, had been reserved for the landlord's use. You were awakened for the day's shooting by the crowing of cocks and all the sounds of the farmyard. You looked out of the narrow window, set deep in the wall, on the Castle fields in which Bruce had won his first decisive victory. And beneath the window was the strip of terraced garden which he had probably paced on the morning of the battle. It was so inviting that lingering over the toilette was waste of time. It was cared for, but slight attention was given to appearances. The broad border was a series of stocks and gillyflowers, where the bees from the sunny row of hives were busy. Beyond the broader gravel walk among the thickets of fruit bushes, sunflowers and hollyhocks were struggling to emerge. The moss-grown masonry that topped the deep-sunk fence was half lost in a tangled growth of nettles and dockens. On the southern front the ancient walls were hidden in a growth of ivy intermingled with Banksia roses. But most beautiful of all was the scarlet *Rosa Ampelopsis* that from basement to roof-tree covered the corner tower. Beautiful it is, but strangely capricious; it is indifferent to cold and contemptuous of warmth, yet I have tried repeatedly but in vain to acclimatise it in the South.

The monks of the middle ages have always shown exquisite taste in the selection of sites for their abbeys and cloisters. Possibly it was the horror of Popish superstition which sent Presbyterians to the opposite extreme. Certain it is that their churches are for the most part in the most unlovely situations, and heritors, who kept a close grip on their shillings, spent nothing they could help on either kirk or manse. Still the minister would make the best of glebe and garden, and gardening was one of the rare pleasures in which the austerer Calvinism permitted him to indulge. In the garden the worthy man would meditate his homilies, and there he would often be up with the lark to toil in his shirtsleeves, like any labourer. The garden with its innocent intoxication or its sense of repose, faint foretaste, as it were, of the transports of Paradise, may have done as much for the spiritual welfare of his parishioners as the most soul-searching of his seven-headed discourses. The hermit of S. Ronald's was altogether an exception to his caste when "the little garden, which might have given an air of comfort to the old house, was abandoned to a desolation of which that of the sluggard was the type". There Scott, with his aptitude for insinuating a moral, has shown how the failings of an excellent man may be fatal to his duties. Mr. Cargill was respected and

beloved, but his parish had gone to seed like his garden. And in my experience the minister who neglected his garden was equally neglectful of his cure. But the minister's example has done little in Scotland to spread the gospel of gardening among the cottagers, and we must cross the border to see the cottage garden in its simple beauty.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### BRIDGE: THE EXPOSED CARD.

**C**ARDS liable to be called (Laws 72 to 85).—Law 72 reads: "All cards exposed by the dealer's adversaries are liable to be called, and must be left face upwards on the table; but a card is not an exposed card when dropped on the floor, or elsewhere below the table." Then follows, at Law 73, the following definition of "exposed cards":—

1. Two or more cards played at once.
2. Any card dropped with its face upwards, or in any way exposed on or above the table, even though snatched up so quickly that no one can name it.

When one of the dealer's adversaries plays two or more cards to the same trick, the dealer can call whichever of them he likes to the current trick, and the other or others must be left on the table as exposed cards. Whenever a card has been in any way exposed, so that it is liable to be called, it must be left on the table face upwards. This cannot be too strongly emphasised. To snatch up an exposed card, either in the hope that the dealer has not seen it, or with the idea of concealing the fact that it is an exposed card, is a distinct breach of bridge etiquette, although, we are sorry to say, a very common breach. When once a card has been exposed it must be left on the table until the dealer has thought fit to call it, or until it has been got rid of in the ordinary course of play. If it can be got rid of in the ordinary course of play, before the dealer has had an opportunity of calling it, or before he has elected to do so, there is no further penalty, but as long as it remains on the table, the dealer can call it when he likes, and he can repeat the call, trick after trick, until such card can be played without revoking.

There seems to be considerable confusion in some players' minds between an exposed card and a lead out of turn. When one of the dealer's adversaries leads out of turn the dealer can either treat the card led as an exposed card, and call it when he likes, or he can call a suit from the offending player or his partner when next it is their turn to lead. He cannot do both, but he can do whichever he prefers. If he elects to call a suit he must do so on the first available opportunity or he loses his right. If one of the adversaries leads when it was his partner's turn to do so, the dealer must exact the penalty then and there, to that trick, or he cannot do so afterwards. The fact of the card led out of turn being got rid of in the course of play does not do away with the dealer's right to call a suit provided that he has not already had an opportunity of doing so. When a card has been exposed, not led out of turn, there is only one penalty; the exposed card can be called but the lead of a suit cannot be demanded.

If any player renounces in the suit led and discovers his error in time to save a revoke, the card played in error is an exposed card, and must be left on the table as above, and is liable to be called, if the offender is one of the dealer's adversaries, or, as an alternative, instead of calling the exposed card, the dealer can call upon the player who has renounced to play his highest or lowest of the suit led, in which case the exposed card can be picked up and there is no further penalty.

If the renouncing player is the dealer the eldest hand can call upon him to play his highest or lowest of the suit, provided that both adversaries have played to the trick. This rule is not generally known, and most players have an idea that there can never be a penalty against the dealer excepting for a revoke, but in this one case there is a penalty and for a very good reason. Suppose that the dealer, being third player, held the ace and queen of the suit led and knew that the fourth player had only one card of that suit, which might be the king or a small one, it would be easy for him to renounce and so find out what the fourth player's card

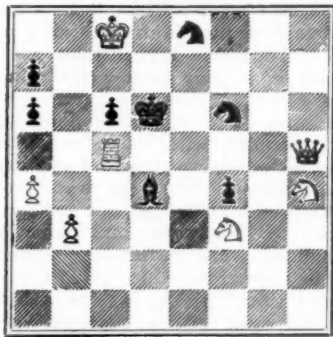
was, and then to find out that he had one of the suit and to take his card back. It was to meet this particular case that the rule in question was formed.

Before the laws were revised it was a common occurrence for the dealer to find out that the remaining tricks were his, and for the opponents to throw down their cards. It happened, on more than one occasion, that after the cards were thrown down, it was discovered that the dealer would not necessarily have won all the tricks, but the hands were all exposed and there was no penalty against the dealer, so that he had really gained a very unfair advantage. To meet this case, Law 75 was framed, which enacts that when the dealer gives any indication that all or any of the remaining tricks are his, he can at once be called upon, by either adversary, to place his cards face upwards on the table and to play them from there, but they cannot be called. This is a very salutary rule, as it gives the opponents the opportunity of seeing whether there is any possibility of saving one trick or more, and at the same time it does not impose any undue penalty on the dealer.

#### CHESS: THE BISHOP'S OPENING.

PROBLEM 108. By Dr. S. GOLD.

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 7 pieces.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM 109. By J. A. COULTAUS. — White: (7 pieces). K—QR6, Q—QKt5, Rs on QB2 and QR4, Bs on QRsq and KR7, P—QB6. Black: (9 pieces). K—QBS, Q—KR8, R—Qsq, Bs on KB2 and KKt2, Ps on KB6, Q5, QKt6, QR2. White mates in two moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

**H**ERE is a game which was played in London more than a hundred years ago; yet there is a freshness about it as though it had been played yesterday by Marshall in the last international tournament. True, we do not now come across this opening frequently, but that is because we have to recognise discoveries that have been made since that time which earnest chess players cannot help knowing. According to report, Dr. Bowdler and the Hon. H. S. Conway (later Lord Seymour) were two of the strongest players of the time, and we can believe it. Is there not some cause for regret that the same cannot be said of players of the present day who move in similar circles? About twenty years ago, Sir John Thursby was looked upon as one of the most promising players in the country, but he does not seem to have had the ambition to make the most of his talents. In the House of Commons there is a chess coterie and an annual tournament; Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. W. W. Rutherford being, to our knowledge, "first-class" players. We quite understand that there is more useful work to be done than playing chess continually. But to the number of people hungering after fame, honour and excitement, and who are not troubled about finding, or working for, the means of existence, we suggest that chess can supply any or all of these things.

#### BISHOP'S OPENING.

White	Black	White	Black
Dr. Bowdler	Mr. Conway	Dr. Bowdler	Mr. Conway
1. P—K4	P—K4	2. B—QB4	...

This opening is seldom played now, because the principle is accepted that knights should be developed



first and so leave the choice of more squares for the bishops.

2. . . . B-B4

Nowadays black immediately takes advantage of the position by playing Kt-KB3.

- |           |          |             |           |
|-----------|----------|-------------|-----------|
| 3. P-Q3   | P-QB3    | 8. B x BPch | K-Q2      |
| 4. Q-K2   | P-Q3     | 9. KKt-K2   | Q x R     |
| 5. P-KB4  | P x P    | 10. K-Q2    | B-QKt5ch  |
| 6. QB x P | Q-QKt3   | 11. QKt-B3  | B x Kt ch |
| 7. Q-KB3  | Q x QKtP | 12. Kt x B  | Q x R     |

How, if the "immortal game" between Andersen and Kiezeritzki was a plagiarism? It may be remembered that the foundation of that game was the sacrifice of two rooks in a position which left the queen out of play. The same thing occurred in the famous game between Pillsbury and Marshall at Vienna, and in a recent article he showed how Dr. Lasker gave expression to the same idea. We see no reason why Dr. Bowdler's name should not be associated with this idea considering that he played it deliberately more than fifty years before the game in question.

- |              |        |                |       |
|--------------|--------|----------------|-------|
| 13. Q-Kt4ch  | K-B2   | 19. P-Q4       | P-Kt5 |
| 14. Q x KKtP | Kt-Q2  | 20. B x P      | K-Kt4 |
| 15. Q-KKt3   | P-QKt3 | 21. P-QB4ch    | K x B |
| 16. Kt-Kt5ch | P x Kt | 22. Q-Kt3ch    | K-R4  |
| 17. B x Pch  | K-Kt2  | 23. Q-Kt5 mate |       |
| 18. B-Q5ch   | K-R3   |                |       |

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 January, 1907.

SIR,—Mr. A. Beaumont's angry protest against your reflections on the correspondents of the English Press shows that he understands that the question in France is Atheism or Christianity. That this is so, no one that is not a fool or a knave could, with the utterances of M. Briand, the Minister of Worship, or M. Viviani before him, ignore or deny. The former has openly declared that "we must get rid of the idea of Christianity" (Il faut en finir avec l'idée Chrétienne). The latter boasts that his party, the politicians now in power, have achieved "a work of irreligion" (une œuvre d'irreligion), "to have torn faith from the human conscience and taught the weary and toil-stricken that there is nothing beyond this life save illusion" (Nous avons arraché les consciences humaines à la croyance. Lorsqu'un misérable fatigué du poids du jour ployait les genoux, nous l'avons relevé, nous lui savon dit que derrière les nuages il n'y avait rien que des chimères). It shows too that your complaint that these correspondents have deliberately failed to set before their English readers the real motive of the French Government is well founded. For let your readers observe that though he charges you with injustice and untruth therein, he does not adduce one single instance in which that which he recognises as the real issue has been set forth in the English Press, outside the SATURDAY REVIEW, by those correspondents. If one may judge him by his own reticence he is himself an offender in this respect.

Here so far as your comments on the attitude of the English Press correspondents are concerned Mr. Beaumont's protest as one of such correspondents may be left.

Seeing however that Mr. Beaumont describes himself as a "Roman Catholic" and assumes—"we Catholics" he writes—to speak for Catholics and as their representative to assure your readers that "the weakening of religious faith in France has been singularly facilitated by the Pope" for whose "conversion" he proposes at some future time to pray, I as a Catholic may perhaps be permitted to enter my protest against his assumptions and assertions.

To judge from his letter of 24 December last one unacquainted with the Gospel narrative might well suppose that the triple charge "Feed my sheep. Feed my lambs. Be the shepherd (ποιμαίνω) of my sheep," was given to Mr. Beaumont rather than to S. Peter and his successors. Better than Pope and Bishops he knows what is required at the present crisis of the Church in France. Where for instance one asks with

wonder did he learn that the Pope was "advised to believe that there would be a reawakening of religious belief on the part of the immense majority"—put by Mr. Beaumont at three-fourths of thirty-eight millions—"of so-called Catholics" by his non licet? Is he in the confidence of the Bishops of France and the secret of the Vatican? See his solicitude for the suffering Church in France. He fears lest the "Pope punish the faithful for the sins of the unbelieving". Consider too his bold assertion that the "immense majority of Frenchmen scarcely know the doctrines of the Church", and have but "a vague notion" that such doctrines as those concerning the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the Mission and authority of the Church, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, Papal Infallibility and others which he names "were taught them when they were children, when their indifferent (sic) parent sent them to church and catechism". That a large number of Frenchmen do not practise their religion is unfortunately but too true. But then this does not generally arise from ignorance. Far from it, as Mr. Beaumont, I dare say, well knows. Anyhow he ought not to have assumed that the majority of Frenchmen are "only Roman Catholics in name" because "their religious sentiment is not strong enough to make them rise in arms against the Government". Is he serious? Christianity is not to be enforced by arms. Suffering, not the sword, is the true weapon of the Church, and that the Church in France is now bravely enduring.

Curiously enough your correspondent, who can teach the Pope and the Bishops of France, shows himself to be in error as to the precepts of the Church of which he claims to be a member. The Church does not, as Mr. Beaumont asserts it does, require attendance at Mass every Sunday under pain of excommunication. Neither does she command her children to fast and abstain every Friday, nor to confess at Eastertide. Perhaps Mr. Beaumont has not had an "indifferent parent" to see to his learning the Catechism, or if he had, he has but "a vague notion" of what the "Catechism of Christian Doctrine" teaches with respect to those precepts. Had he not better be a little less sure of himself and a good deal more respectful towards him whom he must, if he be a Catholic, believe to be the divinely appointed Head of the Church on earth, before he writes as a representative Catholic? Then, and not till then, will he be a truly "loyal subject" of the Pope. For the present, with all respect, he appears to me and I think to every loyal Catholic to have no more right to pose as a representative Catholic than had the three tailors of Tooley Street to represent the Lords and Commons of England.

Yours faithfully,

J. T. WOODROFFE.

### MIXED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Wynne Road, Stockwell, S.W.

5 January, 1907.

SIR,—May I, in connexion with your Note on Mixed Schools, give my experience as head for six years of such a school in North England? I found that although the staff encouraged the boys and the girls to mix and talk and generally treat each other as class-mates, yet the boys and the girls remained practically as much apart as if each sex had been housed in a separate building. This aloofness was not due to shyness, because in class they spoke without restraint to each other; it was simply Taboo; their points of view and their interests were different. The members of the senior girls' club made it a rule to speak to boys only when necessary; and the presence of brothers and sisters in the same school was not sufficient to establish a bond between the two great divisions. I have often been amused to note the self-consciousness with which a boy received from his sister his share of the dinner she had brought from home. Such a school is mixed in name rather than in fact; it owes its existence to considerations of economy rather than to educational theories.

I firmly believe also that boys' and girls' minds work in different ways. It is at any rate my experience that

mistresses—who are ousting the masters from the mixed schools—are not always sufficiently stimulating for the more vigorous boys. However painstaking and conscientious a mistress may be, she is generally too placid and unadventurous, and I have known mothers express disappointment that their boys were being taught by a woman. Girls, on the other hand, are undoubtedly over-stimulated by working beside boys in a master's class, and cases of sleep-talking and even sleep-walking are not uncommon among them.

Lastly, although it does not matter very much what subjects you exercise children's minds upon, yet, if you can choose those subjects which are bound to be positively serviceable in after life, then these subjects are obviously the best for your purpose. We know what these subjects are in the case of girls; and we can therefore make the domesticities the staple of girls' education, which thereby gains a concrete applicability to everyday affairs that adds greatly to its intellectual value; it is practically education through the study of the girls' environment: a series of object-lessons.

Such specialisation is impossible in boys' schools, since schoolboys do not know what their livelihood is to be; girls who are doing the same work as boys are not using their time to the best advantage; and perhaps one of our greatest needs is a wider spread of exact and reasoned knowledge on domestic matters. Even those girls who have to earn their own living are the better for this knowledge; they will certainly need it if they marry.

I remain yours faithfully, FRANK J. ADKINS.

#### WHISKEY AND INSANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gawenhurst, Southchurch Beach, Essex,  
23 December, 1906.

SIR,—With reference to my letter which you kindly published on the 1st I am taken to task for the statement therein that "50 per cent. of insanity amongst the young and middle-aged is caused by drinking new whiskey fresh from the still".

It is a matter of common knowledge that owing to its toxic (poisonous) effect upon the brain tissue alcohol taken immoderately produces a diseased condition, which results in a psychological disturbance termed insanity.

Now, if the purest of alcohol will do this, taken immoderately, what will, what must be the effect of whiskey "fresh from the still", full of its natural impurities, notably fusel oil, upon the brain cells, or should I say the nerve cells of the brain? I drink whiskey as an aid to digestion, and, if any of your readers do likewise they (as I do) purchase only old whiskey, as it is only by the agency of age and age alone that its natural impurities are eliminated; but owing to the greed of governments for revenue, the extortion of municipalities, many of the vendors, to satisfy these immoral and outrageous demands, cannot possibly sell such quality, and so are forced by stern and inexorable economic conditions to vend a sophisticated article, which is imbibed in enormous quantities by the general public, and which results, inevitably, in a given time, as sure as daylight follows night, in insanity: and produces without a vestige of a doubt quite 50 per cent. of insanity amongst the young and middle-aged.

I would go a little further and affirm that "senile dementia" itself is hastened, and in many instances may be produced, by this new whiskey!

If this be so, and, speaking for myself, I have no doubt whatever, looking back upon only the last fifteen years and their terrible tale of asylum building and the moral and economic loss to the nation thereby, would it not be an act of common sense if the Government—Radical or Unionist—either looked to some other source of revenue or made it possible for the vendor to sell only whiskey freed from its natural impurities by age and age alone? The time may come when this country will have a government whose decrees will be actuated by common sense and whose members will be genuine patriots; then, old whiskey will not only be the privilege of the few as now, but the right of the many.

In such case all food, drink and drugs will be unsophisticated, with the inevitable result of decreasing not only the sum total of insanity, mental and physical degeneration, but tuberculosis and its ravages in mind and body also. May common sense soon reign supreme at Westminster is the hope of,

Yours sincerely, H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

#### THE DYING FAUNA OF AN EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Somaliland, 18 December, 1906.

SIR,—The article on "The Dying Fauna of an Empire" which appeared in your issue of 24 November has greatly interested me. Having spent many years in some of the greatest haunts of African big game, perhaps you will give me space to express a few opinions and correct a small error. At present I am personally more interested in the Fauna of Somaliland than elsewhere owing to the fact that I am resident in the Protectorate. General Swayne's report which you allude to, was read by me immediately after it was penned and in the main I entirely agree with him. General Swayne had ever the interests of this Protectorate and its Fauna at heart and the Government is very fortunate in its selection of his successor. Captain H. E. S. Cordeaux is to-day doing everything in his power to prevent the needless slaughter of the beautiful Fauna of this country.

Swayne's Hartebeest still roams in fair-sized herds on the plains to the west and south-west of Hargeisa in the country of the Jibril Aboukr, Abdulla Aboukr, Samanter Abdulla and Rer Ali sections of the Habr Awal and Ogaden tribes. The Anglo-Abyssinian line of demarcation to-day cuts off these fine grazing grounds, which are now included in the Abyssinian sphere of influence. With the exception of a few small herds on Toyo plain there is not a Hartebeest in this Protectorate. To my certain knowledge no European has shot Hartebeest on Toyo during my residence in this country and if the species becomes extinct we must thank the Abyssinians for its extermination. Clarke's Gazelle is not likely to become extinct now that there are no troops stationed in the area where it is to be found, as the Somalis would never trouble to hunt it. As regards the Beira—it is never likely to become extinct as it is by no means easy to procure a specimen although they are to be found in plenty in suitable localities. I doubt whether the most enthusiastic sportsman would trouble to shoot more than one or two of these pretty little antelopes owing to the difficulty in seeing them even when within eighty yards of them. I venture to say that one of the reasons why the game has disappeared to some extent is the large increase of the vermin during the past few years.

During the expeditions against the Mullah the caravan roads were strewn with the carcasses of camels and other beasts of burden, in consequence of which hyænas and jackals were plentiful, and owing to the increase of food they bred more freely. As soon, however, as the expeditions came to an end, the hyænas' food supply ran short and the country was left with a legacy of jackals and hyænas whose boldness became a terror. Even to-day men and women are bitten at night by these pests, and they have even been known to enter the native huts and take away the little children. Time and hunger will remove this superfluity of vermin, and under the present game laws the game we all sincerely hope will increase. Regarding the making of a fresh reserve in the Gadabursi mountains I might mention that as far as I can learn only one or two white men have ever entered these hills and little or nothing is known of them. Certainly no sportsman to my knowledge has ever shot big game there with the exception of the brothers Swayne, and even they travelled very quickly through those inhospitable hills. The Gadabursi country has been for years a sanctuary for the game, and until sportsmen hunt there it is quite unnecessary to place it in the Reserve.

Believe me, Sir, yours truly,

D. E. DRAKE-BROCKMAN,  
Member of Society for Preservation of  
the Fauna of the British Empire.



## REVIEWS.

## THE EUROPEAN ARMAGEDDON.

"The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. IV. (The Thirty Years' War). Cambridge: at the University Press. 1906. 18s. net.

THE scholars who are patiently carrying out Lord Acton's greatly planned history—of which not the least valuable feature is the vast bibliographies at the end of each volume—write for a European public. But the English reviewer had better confine himself in this immense field to the chapters which have most interest for the English reader, who will perhaps turn wearied from what seems the scuffling of continental kites and crows to the clear deep issues and honest animosities of our own Civil War. The seventeenth century was an age when two fundamental theories concerning the basis of society were at stake, both in the student's closet and in the pitched field. The philosophy of government was being hammered out as much by the Wildrakes and Tribulation Wholesomes as by the Hobbesses and Sidneys of that day. And it is strange that Englishmen, with all their horror of ideas, were the chief contestants in this tournament of thought. It is curious that Anglicanism, with all its halting love of compromise, and English Dissent, with all its illogicality, should have waged a war of pure principle round the banners of authority and liberty. For there was more of theoretic principle at issue between Cavalier and Roundhead than there was between Papist and Huguenot. In fact Rome, absorbing as it does all authority into one person, has never really represented the authoritarian principle as running all through human life. It has depressed regal power, denied the sanctity of temporal government, and championed the Whig doctrine that society and civil rule rest on a social compact and the will of the people. A seventeenth-century political treatise will frequently puzzle the reader as to whether it was written by a Jesuit or a Calvinist. Now in the English conflict of altar and throne against Parliament and Presbytery the opposing ideas were much more satisfactorily defined.

That conflict was the meeting of two currents—the same thing occurred again in 1832-3 when Tractarian romanticism encountered Liberal utilitarianism—flowing strongly in opposite directions. On the one side the forces of individual liberty let loose by the Reformation but pent up by the resolute Tudors; on the other a conservative reaction in the Church blending with mystical conceptions of kingship and of the supernatural character of law and government. England's great governing middle class was becoming more and more Protestant; England's Church was trying more and more to realise the original Henrician ideal of a purified Catholicism. Squabbles about ship-money or some high-church sermon were merely the occasions, not the ground, of inevitable conflict. Suppose a family in which the parents are feeling the deep responsibilities and duties of parental control, and the growing-up sons are getting impatient of schoolroom restraint on their liberty; given further some injudiciousness on the one side and a good deal of self-will on the other; the result will be household jars. Nations also reach a stage when they demand their own latch-key. The old charge against Charles I. that he trampled on the ancient laws of the land is now discarded by serious historians. In asserting control over tonnage and poundage, says Dr. Prothero in this volume, the Commons introduced "a new and grave precedent". In demanding Buckingham's dismissal, they "usurped what had been, for at least a century and a half, regarded as the sole function of the Crown". The Petition of Right "implied a constitutional change which was little short of a revolution". Ship-money had been paid without demur when demanded by Elizabeth—who starved the sailors that fought Spain, whereas Charles built up the naval power of England to his subsequent undoing. In the later stages of his quarrel with Parliament, when the latter, some time before war broke out, seized executive and military powers and set the mob to rabble the spiritual lords on their way to Parliament, when, above all, it en-

couraged, and negotiated over the sovereign's head with, the Scottish army of invasion, the actions of Pym and his colleagues were openly revolutionary and treasonable. What then the King is now commonly blamed for is an excessive conservatism in tenaciously maintaining an antiquated prerogative and in failing to recognise the change that was passing over human society. He was not unscrupulous, but too scrupulous.

And yet would things have gone more happily if Charles I. had been a Louis Seize and Laud a Tillotson or Tait? Without Thorough would there have been no Root and Branch? Would the absence of opposition have guided into safe channels the vehement tendency of the age towards profound political and ecclesiastical change? Where Puritan democracy had its own way, as in New England, did it discover any symptoms of "Anglo-Saxon moderation", and not rather run riot in extirpation of opponents, in witch-torture and heretic-burning, in inquisitorial tyranny and of sectarian fanaticism? When Charles had been on the throne only a few weeks, his first Parliament opened the ball by going into committee of religion and supply, "religion to have the first place", which meant fresh cruelty towards Papists—whose children it was some years later enacted should all be brought up as Protestants—and licensed anarchy in the Church. To enthusiasts like Sir Harry Vane, who abstained for two years from communion rather than receive kneeling, Herbert or Andrewes was a priest of Baal, and the Prayer Book the "dreggs of the Pope's old blasphemous Mass-book". No compromise was possible with the savage iconoclastic temper of a Milton—an advocate, by the by, of polygamy—or with the clerical standpoint which refused to minister to any parishioner who was "in the covenant of works", but which nevertheless wished to establish the laws of England on the Mosaic code.

This history is coloured, though not obtrusively, by traditional Cambridge "left-centre" prepossessions. The religion of the rational man, or at least the rational Englishman, is assumed to be Protestantism with liberal leanings. Dr. Prothero has hardly got beyond the Macaulay view of Laud, the patron of Chillingworth and Hyde, as a fussy little ritualistic don, narrow-minded and tyrannical, though he admits that he was no respecter of persons. Mr. Dunlop's estimate of Strafford's work for Ireland, until the pack dragged down that noble stag, is much more unprejudiced. Dr. Prothero reproves the Calvinistic intolerance of the Commons, which increased with every session, until in 1644 it was ordered that every Englishman over eighteen years of age should subscribe the Covenant—an order which drove that stout parliamentarian, Sir Ralph Verney, into exile. The "religious toleration" Independents, on their side, besides making Churchmanship a felony, harried heretics like Biddle and Naylor. Dr. Shaw also mildly criticises the military despotism of Cromwell and his twelve major-generals—Oliver's "little poor invention"—his Irish massacres, forced exactions, packed parliaments, cooked accounts, and imprisonment of opponents, whether prelatist or puritan, without trial or legal warrant; while Dr. Tanner, in his able chapter on the Commonwealth Navy, remarks that the Protector, unlike Charles I., disposed of large resources unhampered by constitutional restrictions, but that nevertheless "on the eve of the Restoration things were as bad as they could be", the seamen complaining bitterly. Still the candid reader cannot but be struck with the convention of historians which has a quite different measure for the Royal and the upstart autocracy. Righteous indignation is reserved for the former; and yet there was not a high-handed or repressive act of Charles which was not repeated on a far larger scale by Parliament and Protector. What would have been said, for instance, of the King if he had sold prisoners of war, his own subjects, into slavery? If Charles dissolves Parliament he does it tyrannically and angrily, but Oliver "in a hurricane of wrath and with a swiftness of decision characteristic of him in his greatest moments". Again, there was a country gentleman—though the circumstance is not recorded in the Cambridge history—who, refusing to pay taxes not voted by Parliament, had his cattle seized by the Protector's orders. His name, we must add, was not Hampden but

Sir Arthur Hesilrigge. This predestinarian Protector wore mail under his clothes and carried pistols in his pocket. This great republican bequeathed chaos and highness-ship to his incompetent son. And Lord Rosebery has set up his image outside Westminster Hall, while at Charing Cross the County Council has converted the ground on which stands the beautiful statue of the Sovereign whom he did to death into a public lavatory.

#### THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM.

"Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham."  
By Stuart J. Reid. London: Longmans. 1906.  
36s. net.

THE name of the first Earl of Durham is so closely associated with Canada that the first impression is one of surprise to find three-quarters of his biography devoted to the story of his previous career; yet it is well to be reminded that he had made his mark as a political leader, as a cabinet minister and a diplomatist before he was selected to pacify and reorganise Canada. Descended from a family who are reputed to have held their lands on the banks of the Wear from days preceding the Conquest and were certainly there a century later, John George Lambton inherited wealth, capacity, and extreme Liberal principles which made him a popular hero during the agitation that attended the first Reform Bill in the North. Orphaned of their father at an early age he and his brother William had exceptional educational advantages for those days, under the supervision of Dr. Beddoes of Clifton, who was able to affirm, when the time came for them to go to Eton, that "their range of information, power of invention, manual dexterity, &c. . . were in proportion to the classical attainments" considered then of preponderant importance. We pass over his meteoric career in the army, which he insisted on entering at seventeen but left two and a half years later to make a romantic marriage with a daughter of Lord Cholmondeley. He was still only twenty-one when the death of Sir Henry Vane Tempest gave him an opportunity of entering Parliament for a constituency—Durham—with which his ancestors had been more or less associated for several generations. He stood, of course, as a Liberal; and his speech on the day of nomination has interest as a schedule of the conditions, now half-forgotten, which cried aloud, then, for Reform. It was a time when members of Parliament were returned, practically, by corporations and free-men if not by the owners of pocket boroughs; and their prevalent venality may be judged from the fact that his uncle, General Lambton, was wont to declare that contested elections had cost his family £100,000! It is curious to reflect, in presence of recent events, that at the moment he entered Parliament the severance of Norway from Denmark and its junction to Sweden had just been confirmed by the Treaty of Paris; and one of his first speeches in the House of Commons was to denounce a transaction which the Norwegians strenuously opposed. It is interesting, too, to find him denouncing, at a public meeting in 1815, the Income-tax, "pressing with ruinous severity on the middle classes, in time of peace". The agitation was successful (*adsit omen!*); the tax was repealed, and Wilberforce was deluded into prophesying that "the wholesome principle was established that war and the Income-tax were welded together". It is interesting to note, again, that it was at the Lambton collieries that Sir Humphry Davy's safety lamp was first tried when priority of invention was challenged by George Stephenson.

The premature death of his wife, after four years only of wedded happiness, inclined Lambton (as we must still call him) to retire from public life; but he was too young and sanguine to remain captive to grief, and we find him, in December 1816, marrying a daughter of the Earl Grey of whose Reform Ministry he was to become, later, a prominent member. It was in 1821 that he made his first great speech on Reform, moving for a Committee to consider the state of the representation and winding up with a scheme for "Triennial

Parliaments, the extension of the suffrage to all holders of property, the division of the country into electoral districts, and the disfranchisement of rotten boroughs". The motion was defeated by a trick, but it established his position as a Reform leader; and when Grey came in with a Reform mandate, in 1830, he asked Durham (who had been raised to the peerage by Lord Goderich, two years previously) to undertake the preparation of a scheme. It is another instance of the caprice of tradition that Lord John Russell, whose name is pre-eminently associated with Reform, was a member only—an active member, it is true—of a committee consisting, besides, of Sir James Graham and Lord Duncannon, of which Durham was chairman—which practically drafted the first Reform Bill. The fluctuations and incidents of the contest attending the passage of this famous measure are vividly described in Mr. Reid's pages. It must suffice us to note that the suggestion that fifty new peers should be created to force it through the Lords, after the country had responded to a dissolution by a Reform majority of 109, seems to have emanated in the first instance from Durham; though it was only after the Commons had sent the Bill up a second time in vain that Grey resolved to tender to William IV. the advice which the King himself bettered by advising the Lords to let it pass without forcing him to extremes. It is a pathetic reflection that Durham's efforts during that period of conflict were made under the stress of repeated bereavements. His eldest son, a boy of great promise of whom he was devotedly fond, lay dying at Brighton: his mother died six months later, in April 1832, and his daughter Harriet in May. It was with a kindly purpose of providing change of scene as well as with a perception of his capacity, that Palmerston asked him at this time to undertake a special mission to St. Petersburg. Feeling was running high on account of Russian severities in Poland; the relations of Holland and Belgium, in which the Tsar's sympathies were on the side of the former, and other matters were causing anxiety. Durham seems to have conciliated Nicholas' personal regard, and is credited with having helped to preserve the peace of Europe by his conduct of the mission. He left the Cabinet shortly after his return, on the double ground of ill-health and dissatisfaction with Grey's Irish policy. Grey himself retired shortly afterwards, on account of Cabinet dissensions; and Durham was shut out of the Ministry which Melbourne had been commissioned to reconstruct; but he had his full share in the ovation—beginning at Newcastle in August, and ending at Edinburgh in September—which awaited Grey in the North; and it may be opportune to note that it was in Edinburgh that Brougham began the series of attacks—originating seemingly in his exclusion from the Reform Committee, for which he appears to have held Durham responsible—that were to culminate in the onslaught on his Canadian policy which caused his resignation and hastened his death. Durham retaliated with effect at a great demonstration in his honour at Glasgow, where he was presented with an address in presence of over a hundred thousand people and entertained at a banquet at which there were seventeen hundred guests. Three weeks later came a great banquet at Newcastle; and he expressed himself at both with a fervour which exceeded, evidently, the limits which the chiefs of his party were prepared to recognise. "Melbourne [we are told] distrusted him. Palmerston disliked him, and Grey . . . shook his head"; so that when [in the words of his biographer] the Whigs came back to power in 1835, "the most fearless and brilliant man of Cabinet rank at that period got the cold shoulder". It is easy to sympathise with the author's sympathy; but it is easy also to conceive that Durham appeared to potential chiefs and colleagues to be "putting on steam"—his own expression—at a distinctly alarming rate. He was in advance of his time, though the measures which he advocated and others more extreme have since become law. Be this as it may, his exclusion from the Melbourne Cabinet was a keen disappointment, evidently, both to himself and to the section which regarded him as its leader. But it was to give him the opportunity with which posterity has



associated his name. We pass over his second embassy to S. Petersburg, where he was conspicuously favoured by the Tsar and earned expressions of high appreciation from his own Sovereign and chiefs. His health, always a source of anxiety, had suffered both from the strain and the climate, and he was looking forward to a period of rest when, before he had been two months in England, Melbourne asked him to undertake the Government of Canada.

Canada, in 1837, was practically in revolt. Antagonism between the British and French elements in the population was pronounced. "The Queen's authority was openly challenged . . . Lord Gosford's weak government was ending in a pitiful confusion and an abject collapse of authority." It was felt that the occasion called for a statesman of higher calibre and experience, and to such a one the Government were prepared to grant autocratic powers—with a view to the restoration of order and the eventual remodelling of the Constitution on broader and more popular lines. Durham refused at first, but consented six months later, in answer to a second appeal, in reliance on a promise which was to fail him at the pinch, of "the firmest and most unflinching support". This is not the occasion, nor is there space within the limits of a review, to describe the complex situation which he found upon arrival. Put shortly, though the French population "appeared to be inactive, there was a general apprehension that they were plotting some new attempt. The people of the United States were represented as fomenting the designs of the disaffected colonists, and had taken up a position of scarcely veiled hostility. The British population of Lower Canada, on the other hand, was torn in pieces by fierce dissensions". It is significant that a dangerous incident which arose shortly after his arrival was so handled as not only to avert danger of rupture with the United States, but to metamorphose existing relations so that the President invited him, subsequently, to the White House as a national guest, and the American people were prepared to give him a cordial and sympathetic reception if he had felt able to accept.

The time and occasion for Brougham's attack arose out of Durham's dealing with certain political prisoners whom he found in custody as a legacy of the rebellion. It was almost certain that, if tried before an ordinary jury, they would be acquitted. It was equally certain that trial by special commission would mean the death penalty. Durham was anxious to avoid either extreme. He decided to banish them to Bermuda. It was a stretch of his authority which did not, of course, extend outside Canada; but he relied on the Home Government bringing in a short bill to cover any technical defect. His action was approved in Canada and in the United States, and seems to have been generally approved at first in England. Melbourne wrote approvingly: the Secretary for the Colonies (Lord Glenelg) wrote that he had solved a very difficult question "most judiciously and ably". Yet, three weeks later, he was thrown over by the very men who had expressed this approval, and the ordinance was disallowed. He resigned, issuing at the same time an explanatory proclamation which was read at Quebec amid a scene of enthusiasm, the occasion being taken to present him with an address of confidence bearing between four and five thousand signatures. Not for the first or last time colonial interests were sacrificed to the interests of party, and not for the last time public opinion rose superior. Brougham was burnt at Quebec in effigy. Durham returned, after collecting the fullest information possible regarding the state of the country and the remedial measures required, to draw up the Report with which his memory is associated and which formed the basis of the so-called Canada Bill. It is consolatory that he lived to know that it had been passed and the Royal assent given, so that the union of the Upper and Lower provinces (which he so strongly advocated) was accomplished; but he died five days later.

Durham has found in Mr. Reid a capable and warmly sympathetic biographer. Yet no attempt is made to conceal his faults: in fact "he wore them on his sleeve and it would be idle to deny that they are apparent at every turn of his career. Proud, though

in no ignoble sense, and of nothing more proud than of his political integrity. A touch of impatience in his manner which, if his temper was ruffled, was all too evident. Curiously sensitive to criticism, restive under opposition. In a word—ardent, impulsive, and prone to say his best or his worst, sometimes to the verge of recklessness". A man, plainly, of commanding talents, and of views sufficiently advanced to seem dangerous, it may well be, to statesmen of his day; though the sobriquet of "Radical Jack" by which he was known in the North was a term of affection, evidently, as well as a characterisation. A man, withal, of high aims and winning personality; and a man whose fame it is to have conceived and laid the basis of the system on which our self-governing colonies have developed. On the whole a remarkable career; and if we are tempted at times to think the author might have condensed somewhat more stringently his abundant material, we reflect on the difficulty of condensing material so abundant, and that we have ourselves been tempted by its interest to transcend the legitimate limits of a review.

#### THE REAL TOLSTOY.

"Leo Tolstoy: his Life and Work." Autobiographical Memoirs, Letters and Biographical Material. By Paul Birukoff. (From the Russian.) Vol. I. London: Heinemann. 1906. 6s. net.

THIS book not only gives us a great deal of fresh information about the first thirty-four years of Tolstoy's life, but it contains many pages of jottings by Tolstoy himself, written expressly to help Mr. Birukoff in his task. Should the reader at times be inclined to grumble at the somewhat scrappy nature of the narrative, he is promptly disarmed by the humility of the author, who says in his preface, "I must be content simply to call my work, as I most sincerely do, a Collection of those materials for the Biography of Leo Tolstoy which are accessible to me". Certainly it does not give us a continuous or smoothly flowing story, and the reader must be prepared for gaps, repetitions, and even for some minor contradictions, but he will at least get a trustworthy account, written by one who is well informed and keenly alive to his subject, of the early life of a great man.

The first volume only takes us as far as Tolstoy's marriage, but it supplies ample opportunity for tracing the roots of predilections to which in later years Tolstoy gave powerful expression. It is no mere accident that the grandfather of the most whole-hearted advocate of a No-Government philosophy that ever lived, should have had his official career cut short as a consequence of his curt refusal to marry the niece and mistress of Potémkin, Catherine the Great's favourite, and that his father should have retired from the army "disillusioned", as Tolstoy tells us, and thereafter "merely as a matter of self-respect regarded it as impossible to serve either during the latter part of Alexander I.'s reign, or during that of Nicholas". Tolstoy adds, "Not only did he himself never serve, but his friends were all men similarly free, who did not serve and were rather frondeurs in relation to the Government of Nicholas I. Throughout my childhood and even my youth, our family were not intimate with a single official".

Another of Tolstoy's pet aversions, corporal punishment, we find cropping up again and again in this volume. His father and his grandfather were unusually humane in their treatment of their serfs. Tolstoy's favourite aunt, who had much to do with his upbringing, was also strongly opposed to the whipping of children or serfs, and never allowed it within the sphere of her influence. Tolstoy himself on one occasion narrowly escaped an undeserved flogging from his French tutor, and says that he has never forgotten the "dreadful feeling of anger, indignation and disgust, not only towards St. Thomas (the tutor) himself, but towards the violence which he wished to exercise upon me".

In childhood Tolstoy was singularly fortunate in the family affection he experienced. He sprang from amiable people, whose family feelings were tender and

strong, both on his father's and mother's side. Where he was less fortunate—at least so it seemed while the issue hung for years in the balance—was in the extraordinary freedom he enjoyed as a young man: a freedom to go to the devil, of which many young nobles, situated as he was, promptly availed themselves. Born to rank, and to the ownership of serfs and land; orphaned before he was nine (his mother died before he was two); spending his university days in a pleasure-loving society loose in its morals, and in which scepticism was common; connected by blood with many leading families of that aristocracy which generally set its members on their feet again even after they had squandered a fortune or two; possessed of great capacities, immense energy, fiery passions and a headstrong will—the wonder is that Tolstoy ever lived to be a useful member of society. He himself, in a fit of dejection, after gambling in S. Petersburg, wrote to his brother Sergius: "I have had to pay for my freedom (there was no one to flog me; that was the great misfortune) and for philosophising—and now I have paid for it. Do be so good as to help me out of the false and horrid position I am now in, without a penny at my disposal and in debt all round."

For young men of his class there were no social or intellectual bonds. The society they lived in was extraordinarily tolerant; the cosmopolitan education they received made all moral codes sit very lightly upon them, and the Orthodox Russian Church was not at all equipped to deal with sons who read Voltaire and the German philosophers.

We may see, by noting the fate of his three brothers, that Tolstoy's education was hardly one that could be expected to produce a saint devoted to the service of the people. Nicholas, the eldest (always spoken of and regarded by Leo Tolstoy as greatly his superior), is referred to in the very highest terms of affection and admiration by Tourguénef, Fet, and indeed by all who knew him; but Fet tells us that in the Caucasus he contracted the habit of using intoxicants too freely (not, one gathers, to any extent then considered disgraceful), and outside his own family little is now remembered of him except that he was an army officer, and died of consumption at the age of thirty-six. Sergius, the second brother, lived to a good old age (he died only a few months ago) but never seems to have done any particular service to society. He married a gipsy-girl singer, such, apparently, as we find Leo Tolstoy running after in early manhood, and describing in the story "Two Hussars", which is included in Messrs. Constable's volume of "Sevastopol". Demetrius, the third brother, after an early manhood of extraordinary religious strictness, followed by a short period of reckless debauchery, died of consumption at thirty years of age. Leo Tolstoy, alone of the four, will live in the book of fame.

Of the way in which this biography has been rendered into English, one hardly knows what to say: the translator's name is not given, and if it is a piece of the ordinary hack-work done for a few shillings per thousand words, it is rather better than the usual run of such productions. If, however, we are to take it seriously (as translations should be, but seldom are, taken) as an attempt to give English readers as intelligible a narrative as that enjoyed by readers of the original, we have to point out that the work has been carelessly done, and that the English reader often finds himself mystified where the Russian finds himself enlightened. For instance we have a list of books read by Tolstoy before he was twenty-four, and the degree of influence exercised by them is given as "powerful", "great", and "very great"; but there is nothing to show whether "powerful" is more or less than "great", or "very great". In the Russian no such perplexity is presented. The Sermon on the Mount, Rousseau's "Confessions" and "Emile", and Dickens' "David Copperfield" had "immense" influence; Sterne's "Sentimental Journey", Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse", Poushkin's "Eugène Onégin", Schiller's "Die Räuber", Tourguénef's "A Sportsman's Sketches" were among those that had "very great" influence; while in the third rank are some of Gógol's stories, and Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico": these had "great" influence.

To give another instance: the Russian edition shows us that at Tolstoy's matriculation examination (when he failed totally in history and geography) he not only received the highest mark (5) for French and German, but received for French the exceptional distinction of a plus sign (+) in addition to the 5. The English volume gives us no indication that he did better in French, or that he had unusual success in that language.

Sometimes the translator goes so far as to give a foot-note really calculated to perplex the readers. For instance on page 38 we are told that Dunechka (Dounetchka would be a better transliteration) who slept with little Tolstoy and his sister, was "the governess: see concerning her further on in the following chapter". Turning over a few pages we learn that Dounetchka was a little girl of Tolstoy's own age, adopted into the family at "five years of age".

Of this Dounetchka, Tolstoy remarks: "She was not clever, but was a good, simple girl, and above all so chaste, that between us boys and her there never were any but brotherly relations"; that is to say, they grew up together with none of the silly and harmful juvenile flirtations common everywhere, and specially common in Russian society. This characteristic passage has been cut out of the English translation, and replaced by mysterious dots. Elsewhere one finds almost a whole page at a time dropped, without even dots to warn us of the omission. For instance, a particularly interesting page by Tolstoy (which contains nothing objectionable, and is exceedingly characteristic of the writer) has been calmly cut out at p. 45 after the words: "He gives a few indications of this in his Reminiscences."

This is quite indefensible. When in his old age Tolstoy tells us what he thinks we ought to know of his Reminiscences, no one has any right to interpose between him and the English reader. Least of all, has anyone a right to do this anonymously and secretly.

#### PANAMA AND THE WEST COAST.

"Panama to Patagonia. The Isthmian Canal and the West Coast Countries of South America." By Charles M. Pepper. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. CHARLES M. PEPPER is a citizen of the United States who has served on an official mission to South American countries. He brings to a consideration of their problems greater mental power than the book-making globe-trotter; and he writes in a terse and vivid style which, though it is not quite English, is not wholly American. His purpose was "to consider and describe the effect of the Panama Canal on the West Coast countries from the year 1905". There has been no effect, except upon the Isthmus itself, which has become a separate republic under United States guidance; and there could be none for the excellent reason that there is no canal. What the book does is to "consider and describe" the present conditions of the west coast republics and offer suggestions as to what their future may be when the canal may have been made. As such it will be useful to other than United States men of business, for whom it is written. It should stimulate our commercial class to see to it that their sons learn Spanish, for Mr. Pepper's argument is that within a generation the west coast countries will have entered upon an era of political stability and industrial development. Great Britain has the largest share of the trade; but John Bull is to be hustled off the ground when Jonathan has cut the ditch. A little hustling will do him no harm, for his supremacy in the South American markets is endangered both by Germans and Yankees, not because the former can sell honest merchandise cheaper, or because the latter have the advantage of geographical contiguity, but because both study local conditions. That there are capacities for immeasurable economic development along the Pacific side of the Andes cannot be doubted. This book is full of evidence. It does not, however, follow that these countries will leap forward when it is no longer necessary for western-bound cargoes to make for Cape Horn. There are, all told, only about eleven



millions of people on the Pacific Coast, and though each Republic has a magnificent conception of its own destiny this finds expression in fervid aspiration and high-flown language rather than in action. The development of South America has been strikingly slow; and the racial composition of the west coast peoples and the very conditions of soil and climate forbid us to look for startling progress, canal or no canal. The population is too small and it is essentially unprogressive.

Mr. Pepper believes that immigration will press westward to the slopes of the Andes and across them by means of railways jutting out from a Pan-American trunk line. All this is possible, but trans-Andine railway communication will first have to be established; and Valparaiso is not yet linked to Buenos Ayres. Mr. Pepper's travels seem to have given him something of the Spanish-American fondness for day-dreaming. The canal is to work miracles. Not only is it to infuse new energy into the Pacific populations and in some mysterious way increase their purchasing power but it is also to draw to the Pacific much trade from the basin of the Amazon and Argentina. Why the trade of the Amazonian region should ascend rivers and cross the Cordilleras to the Pacific instead of continuing to descend them to the Atlantic we do not know. The fact that there will be a ship canal across the Isthmus will divert the international trade that now goes via the Straits of Magellan; but it will not of itself make the Brazilian canoe-man paddle against stream. The trade drawn by the canal will be that of the peoples west of the mountain ranges, not east of them.

Mr. Pepper's optimism will, however, help to put heart into the canal constructors, whose task is gigantic, and the cost, in money and in human life, will be enormous. Mr. Pepper does not say much of the engineering difficulties, but what he does say about the climatic conditions in which they have to be overcome should check American enthusiasm about the work of the Sanitary Commission. Every spadeful of upturned soil means fever; and if all the sanitarians in the world were congregated on the Isthmus they could not alter this. Mr. Pepper's travel-sketches are good; and we would call special attention to a chapter on social questions in Chili, from which it appears that there is a serious democratic movement in that country. The proletariat there is becoming dangerous. As with most American books which touch upon politics, there is a chapter on the Monroe doctrine. It is written with the purpose of commending the abstraction to South American peoples, whose statesmen will find it vastly entertaining.

#### "THIS OTHER EDEN."

"The Heart of England." By Edward Thomas, with coloured illustrations by H. L. Richardson. London: Dent, 1906. 21s. net.

ACUTE and thoughtful observers of nature have for some time past been thinking that Darwinian evolution will not explain everything. Coincidentally with the growth of this idea, the discovery of radium has upset the theories of Clerk Maxwell. Matter has somehow become conscious; this we know, but we realise also that consciousness is far above, and independent of, matter; and we have as much to do with the one as with the other. Pure materialism is decadent, and men no longer mistake for essence what is meant for drapery. More life, more abundant life, is the cry of this generation, and the thought of death as loss of individuality is abhorrent only from those who are too closely bound up in their ego on earth.

Furthermore imagination hints that subjective and objective phenomena are identical, that thought and action may be one, that colour and beauty are not in the landscape but in the eye that sees, the brain that perceives. Our life is so consonant with nature that the smudge that mars the canvas she paints for us is of our own making. There are even those who say we should do well to lie on the sward and take full deep breaths, and walk in the soft rain as well as

beneath the unclouded sky, thus practically experiencing the true sympathy of nature.

These and other ideas are encouraged by the reading of this book. Where the old heart of England beats out its glorious paean, the inheritance of a century and a half of peace in the land, Mr. Edward Thomas reads his prose poetry in the wayside hedge, the red-tiled farm, the beech coppice, the shadowed pool. With loving gaze he scrutinises those old beauties of nature whose loveliness increases, which are ever with us. The tumble of the plover, the whirr and clang of the partridge, the scour of the wind-rocked elm, the song of finches and linnets, are not merely evidences of the joy of living, they are very part of the eternal life that we are beginning to think pervades the remotest star as well as the dullest metal. Here is quiet refutation of materialism more cogent than cumbrous logic. It is the cry of Horace, *non omnis moriar*, the more assured utterance of the Psalmist "I shall not die, but live". Yet Mr. Thomas does not preach; his thoughts are hints which stimulate thought in his readers. There is a gentle compulsion in his book that owes its power to the mood of generous reverie that it begets. There is pathos, but not melancholy; and the changes that sorrow brings are like the shadows caught by a brook.

Mr. Thomas possesses in an uncommon degree the primary quality of a good writer, imagination; he visualises and expresses the meaning of what he sees, and also of what others see but cannot describe; and withal from the crucible of his mind his thoughts come out stamped with his own individuality. Life is in everything; the pool deep among tansy flowers and waves of bramble is a contemplative monster, the solitary ash is a self-torturing aspiring fanatic, the lane with its twistings a humble diffident inquirer, "the beeches extend long priestly arms clothed in leaf, still and curved, to call for silence in the cool air". The ploughman who keeps the earth going in beauty and fruitfulness, in whose soul is the silence of the wide lea, whose talk has at least the wisdom of moderation—the pool covered with crowfoot flowers as with five minutes' snow—the little mounds in the churchyard that rise like summer waves so soft, so green, that fancy cannot make them aught save pillows for the weary—these are some of the things that are seen, yet are but fragments of the things embroidered on the hem of a garment that gathers the clouds and the mountains in its folds. For a moment, it may be, memory perishes and hope that never rests is asleep; and then there follows the poignant joy in which we know that things will never again be just as they are, but the joy too of knowing that somehow we take these things with us to the end.

#### MORE ABOUT MACEDONIA.

"The Balkan Trail." By Frederick Moore. London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Turk in the Balkans." By T. Comyn Platt. London: Alston Rivers. 1906. 3s. 6d.

THE writing of books about Macedonia may well cease for a time until there is something fresh to tell us. Unfortunately the story is still the same as it has been for the last twenty years. Why then tell it with that iteration which demands a classical but unmentionable adjective? This is the only comment which we feel called upon to make regarding Mr. Comyn Platt's volume. The majority of Macedonian travellers appear to write in order to relieve their feelings. This is excusable, but not a good reason for a reviewer to treat their outbursts seriously. Mr. Platt has nothing to tell us which has not already been told far better. He possesses quite enough first-hand knowledge to maintain an argument in the club smoking-room, but he is not qualified to lecture the world about the Orthodox Church, or politics and religion in the East, all of which have been treated by a master-hand in "Turkey in Europe", and Mr. Brailsford's admirable volume has rendered his dissertations on the actual condition of the country superfluous. To call Albania the "Poland" of Turkey shows a strange misapprehension about the latter country,

though the author knows something of Albania. But his acquaintance with the rest of the Turkish Empire must be limited, for he tells us that Asia Minor can only boast the existence of one railway line. Two start from Smyrna alone, and there are certainly six or seven others. Here we may leave Mr. Platt. We fear he has added little to general knowledge on the Balkan problem. Mr. Moore's book is of a widely different order. He has the capacity to see the really interesting things and record his impressions so as to convey them to the reader. And this he does without the tall writing which as a rule disfigures the work of the newspaper correspondent. He possesses also the gift of humour which must be particularly valuable in Macedonian travel, for the chief object of Turk, Greek, Bulgar and Serb is to deceive the inquirer.

Readers of Sir Charles Eliot's masterly work may remember that he discourses at length upon the curious phenomenon exhibited in Macedonia by the inhabitants, who treat religion as involving race. This is indeed the first element of the situation. We cannot forbear quoting an incident recorded by Mr. Moore which puts the whole matter in a nutshell, "On another occasion we received a visit from a more enlightened Macedonian. He, too, was a Bulgarian, so he said, and in the same breath told us that he had two brothers, one of whom was a Servian and the other a Greek. I was puzzled, and asked how such a thing was possible. The Macedonian smiled, and explained that his was a prominent family and for the influence their conversion would mean the Servians had given one of his brothers several liras to become a Servian, while the Greeks had outbid all the other Churches for the other brother." Such are the foundations upon which are erected the claims of Greece and the Balkan States to appropriate Macedonia, because of the predominance therein of their own nationality.

Whole villages became "Greek" at the bidding of the Greek Metropolitan in Florina, but then he had made an extensive tour through his district escorted by Turkish troops, and warning the wretched inhabitants that if they remained Bulgarians they would be massacred, but that they were promised immunity by the Vali if they returned to the Orthodox fold. Whether or no the threat were idle the presence of the Turkish troops gave colour to it. It is not surprising that some tension exists between Greek and Bulgar. The Greek indeed would rather see Macedonia Turkish than Bulgarian, and he dreads any scheme of autonomy because that would probably mean its annexation by Bulgaria, as she annexed Eastern Roumelia.

Mr. Moore underwent the same process of political instruction at the hands of this worthy bishop as any traveller can experience in Athens if he converses with an intelligent politician. He will be deluged with documents apparently authentic, decked out with all the necessary statistics, but he may pertinently ask what evidence of sympathy with their boasted co-religionists have the Greeks shown. Large numbers of Bulgarians have at all events risked their own skins for the sake of Macedonia, and Bulgaria may claim scriptural authority for asserting that the true neighbour of him who fell among thieves is he that had pity on him. In fact the whole attitude of the Greeks throughout the Macedonian trouble is nauseating, a mixture of cant, cruelty and cunning, significant perhaps of the modern Hellene but recalling the unkind remark of a French correspondent during the Græco-Turkish war "Ils ne se comportent pas comme les compatriotes de Léonidas". The Greeks are no doubt excused much because they still enjoy the protection of a certain halo of romance which encircles their name. The Bulgarians on the other hand are singularly unromantic. They have both the virtues and the demerits of the lower middle class. They are pushful and steady-going, and have little of the superficial brightness which attracts. They would no doubt attribute their failings to five hundred years of subjection to the Turks. This is always the excuse for the relics of barbarism which linger amongst them. They have, however, shown their capacity to develop the territory which has been entrusted to them by Europe and naturally hope for its enlargement. On the whole the future would seem to lie with them rather than with

any other of the small kingdoms round. But after all the future of the Balkans is among the last things the prudent will care to prophesy about.

## NOVELS.

"Richard Hawkwood: a Romance." By H. Neville Maugham. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1906. 6s.

This story of Florence under Lorenzo de' Medici has none of the glittering tinsel, the apish verbal posturing, or the imperfectly veiled sensuality which Mr. Hewlett and his imitators are teaching us to expect in Italian romances. It is, on the other hand, free from the over-erudition which, for some of us, tempers the pleasure to be taken in reading "Romola". It is merely a good historical novel, sanely constructed, well-informed, with an interesting plot—the kind of book which apparently we ought to call old-fashioned. For Mr. Maugham has not caught the new convention which lays down that the chief purpose of an exotic background is to admit erotic dialogue. There is good conversation in the book: Leonardo da Vinci, Pico della Mirandola, Sandro Botticelli, appear and talk naturally. But as no woman of evil life happens to be introduced, the author must expect to be told that his picture lacks actuality. Well, Lorenzo the Magnificent moves through the story as a living man, and we catch the clash of Florentine politics in their wider meaning. The hero is a sound commonplace young Englishman, grandson of the famous soldier of fortune Sir John Hawkwood, and his romance is stirring and pleasant. He picks up Renaissance culture with unnatural quickness—a Philistine-like young Richard could never have reported discussions on Platonism as intelligently as he does in the book. If Mr. Maugham will scrutinise his opening pages, he will see that he has rather tangled the generations when describing his hero's pedigree.

"Sir John Constantine." By "Q." (A. T. Quiller Couch). London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 6s.

Mr. Quiller Couch writes in a pleasant, leisurely fashion, and he has given us a discursive eighteenth-century romance. It tells the story of a South-country gentleman, who having bought the kingship of Corsica for his son, invades that island, with several eccentrics of the lower and the lower-middle classes, in the year 1756. His son, the hero, has the usual adventures and the usual love affair with the beautiful but somewhat furious girl, who has grown the accepted form of heroine of the sword-and-cloak novel. But the adventures read a little thin; and the sentimentality of the

(Continued on page 56.)

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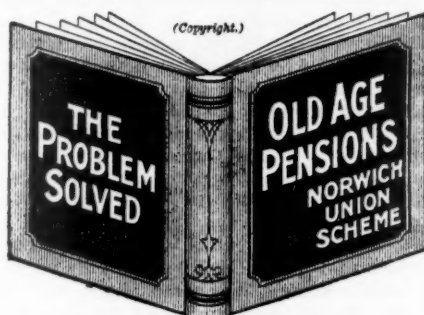
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love affair removes it quietly from the realm of real passion. It is doubtful whether Mr. Quiller Couch has in him the stuff of which the genuine romancer is made; at any rate this book reads like a romance made up from all the romances that were ever written. It lacks the breath of the romantic life, and inspires a feeling that the writer himself has lived chiefly in books and rarely a life of his own. Still it is a pleasant work to pass one through a wet afternoon; but it would be interesting to know where Mr. Quiller Couch found warrant for the fact that eighteenth-century parish clerks carried with them black-edged visiting cards.

**"The Man in the Case."** By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

American writers often fail to recognise the difference between the short story and the novel, and here is a case in point. Mrs. Phelps wishes to describe an episode in the life of Joan Dare, a spinster of good position living in a small country town. Miss Dare's virtue is suspected, on absurdly insufficient grounds; she is ostracised by her neighbours and refuses to explain matters to her loyal lover. The mystery is soon solved, but the matter is made to occupy more than 250 pages—in large print, it is true. The book is inadequate as a psychological study, since, though two or three women are carefully delineated, we can say no more at the end than that Joan Dare was signally wanting in what we believe some of her compatriots call "horse-sense". Mr. Howells can make his tiresome characters so real that one longs to kill them, but Mrs. Phelps, with greater power of sketching a character incisively, does little with her dialogue, and so makes but a slight impression on the reader. Can it be that the padding and the monotony of so many American novels represent the revolt of the cultured against the style and the manner and manners of American journalism?

**"I Know a Maiden."** By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Methuen. 1906. 6s.

Lady Otterburne, widow of an impecunious baronet, and mother of a boy and girl, married a rich and vulgar Australian, a widower with one daughter. He died conveniently soon, and by his will Lady Otterburne inherited everything. Treating her stepdaughter as a Cinderella, she devoted the money to bringing up her own children in luxury. Why the millionaire made no provision for his own child in the will which took effect is not clear. But there had been a later will, made after a quarrel with his fashionable wife, and this quiet secret preyed upon Lady Otterburne. Her own children proved frivolous and ungrateful, while Cinderella turned into a ministering angel. Also, in time, she fell in love. It is not a very stirring plot, but there is a sureness of touch about the characters (though not always the actions) of the several women and girls concerned, and the story, if protracted, is pleasant.

**"In Green Fields."** By Oswald Crawford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1906. 6s.

This babble of green fields tells pleasantly enough of a literary man who bought a neglected house on a barren shore, far removed from towns, and settled down in it with an ex-prizefighter as servant. There are many descriptions of gardening operations, and of sport, in which the hero captures his game and fish by various devices generally employed by the poacher. He has for neighbours the family of a gamekeeper, descendants to all seeming of the Admirable Crichton; and one of the daughters provides the required love affair. Mr. Crawford writes sympathetically of country life, but hardly with inspiration.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"The Life of Sir Charles J. F. Bunbury."** Edited by Mrs. Henry Lyell. 2 vols. Murray. 1906. 30s. net.

Sir Charles Bunbury was not a generally well-known personage, but he was the eighth baronet in a family some of whose members obtained some reputation. There was a

Bunbury a caricaturist in the eighteenth century whose name at some interval is mentioned with Gillray and Rowlandson. Sir Charles' father, Sir Henry Bunbury, saw service in Sicily during the Peninsular campaign, and married into the Fox family, so that his son had access to the political and literary society of Holland House. From his early youth Sir Charles had an inclination for science, then rather rare, and became erudite in geography, geology, botany, biology and mineralogy; was a member of several of the learned societies and contributed papers on specific topics; but his name is not associated with any great generalisation in science. His mid life was contemporaneous with Darwin's and Lyell's and Huxley's work and as he and Lyell married two daughters of a president of the Geological Society he had many connexions with the scientific society of the time. His letters and diaries from which these volumes are wholly composed are full of narrative, comment and criticism on the scientific subjects interesting to these friends of his. Another large portion consists of records of his travels in Sicily, the Mauritius and Buenos Ayres; and there are also anecdotes of his acquaintance with Sydney Smith, Tennyson, Carlyle, Kingsley, Huxley, Darwin and others. On the whole however these volumes are for the family archives, and are of slight importance to the public.

**"Touraine and its Story."** By Aane Macdonell. London: Dent. 1906.

So much has been written about Touraine both in articles and volumes that it might well seem that there was little more to be said. However as the rage for books with coloured illustrations has spread until it has been necessary to ransack the habitable globe for subjects, Touraine could not be ignored for ever. A sympathetic chronicler has been found in Miss Macdonell who possesses the historical knowledge which is essential in treating of this district of France where every site has its story and association; she also has no little capacity for describing scenery and introducing the incidents appropriate to the locality. They who have read many volumes of this nature know to their cost that this gift is no less welcome than rare. Touraine is after all the heart of France; and the kernel of French history, the most dramatic in the world, lies there, for French history did not begin in 1789 though most Frenchmen of to-day seem to think so, at all events, if they do not, they too often act as if they did. The illustrations are wisely not confined to places, but Mr. A. B. Atkinson has chosen some types of the Tourangean peasantry to give a more comprehensive view of the idiosyncrasy of the province. In fact the sketches of individuals seem to us more successful than the landscapes where the colouring too often spoils an excellent drawing. Tours was the centre of the historical drama when the later Capetians and the Valois were on the throne. No one can truly understand ancient France who has not travelled the district through and learned to appreciate in its châteaux the glamour and gloom of the Renaissance.

**"A Short History of Hampton Court."** By Ernest Law. London: Bell. 1906. 5s.

Mr. Ernest Law is already well known as an authority on Hampton Court. This is his second or third book on the subject. He here gives an entertaining account of Tudors and Stuarts at Hampton and Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was not so austere as he is popularly supposed to be, no more than were many of the eager stern Puritans. The idea that they all hated amusements has been much exaggerated. Cromwell himself was a hunter, and according to Heath—a political opponent—he would sometimes "to coax the neighbouring Rusticks give them a Buck they wanted and money to drink with it." Mr. Law gives an inventory of the furniture of Cromwell's bedroom at the time of his death. It was evidently not so meagrely furnished as the Duke of Wellington's at Strathfieldsaye. The dressing-room contained turkey carpets. This account of Cromwell's furniture is still in the keeping to-day of the Record Office.

Mr. Sidney Lee's original edition of *"The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury"* appeared twenty years ago. He has now brought out a new edition (Routledge) removing such errors as have come to his knowledge since writing the book. It now appears in *"The London Library"*. Careful scholarship and minute attention to detail are characteristic of Mr. Lee's work, and this is no exception. *"Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era"*, by Walter Fyvie (Constable. 12s. 6d. net) is a light gossip account of some of the leading actresses of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth centuries. It is well illustrated by photogravure process. Among Mr. Fyvie's queens are Lavinia Fenton and Elizabeth Farren. That the habit of peers marrying actresses is not modern is shown by these lively chapters. For instance Lavinia became Duchess of Bolton and Elizabeth Countess of Derby. The latter, before her rise, was "caressed by fashionable society". According to one story, the Earl of Derby used to send his servant regularly every morning to Green Street to inquire how Miss Farren was and whether she had had a good night. When she was



once absent from church he dropped into poetry which was quite up to the form of the laureates of the day. Messrs. Constable also publish "Edinburgh under Sir Walter Scott", by W. T. Fyfe, with an Introduction by E. S. Rait (10s. 6d. net). Edinburgh was in those days and indeed so early as 1784—when Samuel Johnson died—quite the intellectual centre of the kingdom, though Lamb, Blake, Sheridan and others were during the period thorough Londoners. Among Scott's leading contemporaries and intimates in the North were John Wilson, Sir James Mackintosh, Adam Smith and Henry Mackenzie. At one time Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" had a great reputation. It was probably set too high, but we recollect reading the little book with a good deal of pleasure. It seems to have escaped the notice of publishers and editors who are busy with reprints of British classics.

The little selection of literary tit-bits, prose and poetry, is having undoubtedly a good run just now. Half a score volumes, anthologies and their sort, have been printed within the last year or two. "The Pilgrim's Way" (Seeley), chosen by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is one of the latest. It is an agreeable little collection made with taste and a certain daintiness, though we see no purpose served in dividing it up into a kind of watertight compartments such as "childhood", "youth", "divine love", "marriage and children", "citizen", and so forth. Possibly this has not been done in previous collections of the character—anything for literary novelty. Among the poems is a beautiful and haunting one by the West-country poet William Barnes, "The Wife a-lost". Mr. Couch deals considerably with modern writers. He includes Henley's exquisite "Collige Rosas", a gem which will appear in anthologies for a long time to come: there are few lyrics even in the "Golden Treasury" to surpass it.—"The Wayfarer" (Routledge), by Claude E. Benson, is another of these booklets made of bits. We could do without the "End-paper" which is not quite so effective as it is meant to be, but Mr. Benson has selected with much feeling and nicety. He includes American literature, giving selections from Thoreau, Bret Harte, Whittier and Bryant. In such a collection one rather misses Emerson. The Bryant pieces are all good. "The Waterfowl" appears once more, perhaps the best short poem that has been made in America.

For this Week's Books see page 58.

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Honoré de Balzac (Ferdinand Brunetière). Lippincott. 6s. net.  
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Dr.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1906.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Subscribed Capital—£4,233,325, viz., 169,333 shares of £25 each			
Capital paid-up, viz.: £5 per share	846,665	0	0
Reserve Fund	400,000	0	0
Deposits and Sundry Balances	12,003,999	9	9
Bills Re-discounted	3,514,343	9	5
Rebate	96,504	2	4
Amount at credit of Profit and Loss Account	53,056	14	9
	£16,914,568	16	3

	£	s.	d.
By Cash at Bankers	188,345	15	1
Securities—			
British and Indian Government, and other Trustee Securities, including City of London Corporation Bonds	£1,876,650	4	9
Other Securities, including short dated Colonial Bonds	349,894	5	11
	2,226,474	10	8
Loans at call, short and fixed dates	1,918,005	0	0
Bills Discounted	12,416,204	11	10
Interest due on Investments and Loans, and Sundry Balances	54,938	18	8
Freehold Premises	110,600	0	0
	£16,914,568	16	3

Dr.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1906.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Current expenses, including Directors' and Auditors' Remuneration, Salaries, Income Tax, and all other charges	13,472	2	4
Rebate of Interest on Bills not due, carried to New Account	56,504	2	4
Six Months' Dividend at the rate of Ten per Cent. per annum, free of Income Tax	£42,333	5	0
Balance carried forward to next account	10,723	9	9
	53,056	14	9
	£163,032	19	5

	£	s.	d.
By Balance brought forward from 30th June, 1906	10,899	5	3
Gross Profits during the half-year	152,133	14	2
	£163,032	19	5

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have examined the Securities representing Investments of the Company, those held against Loans at call, short and fixed dates, and all Bills discounted in hand. We have also proved the Cash Balances, and verified the Securities and Bills in the hands of Depositors. The foregoing Accounts agree with the Books, and we are of opinion that the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company, except that it does not state the amount of Investments and Bills placed as security against Deposits.

J. GURNEY FOWLER, F.C.A.  
(Price, Waterhouse & Co.)

FRANCIS W. PIXLEY, F.C.A.  
(Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey & Co.)

Auditors.

35 CORNHILL, 4th January, 1907.

The following notice is not issued for the purpose of inviting subscriptions, but by way of information only, and no applications will be entertained unless same are made on the foot of, and with reference to, the Prospectus referred to below, copies of which can be obtained from the Solicitors, Bankers, and at the Offices of the Company.

## THE CORPORATION OF WESTERN EGYPT, Ltd.

CAPITAL - - - - £500,000,

Divided into 500,000 Shares of £1 each.

Of the above Capital 264,857 Shares have been issued, the present paid-up Capital of the Corporation being £245,773 17s. 6d.

The Company is issuing a Prospectus, which has been filed with the Registrar, in accordance with the Companies Act, 1902, inviting subscriptions for:

235,143 £1 SHARES AT PAR.

Payable as follows: 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; 5s. per Share one month after Allotment; 5s. per Share two months after Allotment. The Shares may be paid up in full on Allotment, and Share Warrants to Bearer will be issued if required.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST on the footing of the Prospectus will CLOSE on or before the 14th day of JANUARY, 1907.

The Shares of this issue will rank in all respects with the existing Shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and will make with them in all 500,000 Shares ranking pari passu. There are no Founders' or Deferred Shares, and no Debentures have been created or issued.

In conformity with the express stipulation of the Egyptian Government, the Working Capital was fixed at two-thirds of the Share Capital of the Corporation. The Memorandum and Articles of Association were approved by the Financial Adviser on behalf of the Egyptian Government. (Reg. No. 1,757—9th June, 1904).

### DIRECTORS.

Major-General Sir JOHN C. ARDAGH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., R.E., Representative of the British Government on the Board of Administration of the Suez Canal Company, 113 Queen's Gate, W., Chairman of the Corporation.  
L. CARTON DE WIART, D.C.L., Avocat, Sharia Kas-el-Nil and Kas-el-Doubara, Cairo, Egypt (Egyptian Board).  
His Excellency CROOKSHANK PASHA, Director of the Daira Sanieh Company, and ex-British Controller of the Daira Sanieh Administration, Cairo, Egypt (Chairman, Egyptian Board).  
CHARLES E. H. HOBHOUSE, J.P., M.P., 47 Rutland Gate, London, S.W., and The Ridge, Corham, Wilts.  
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Sir WM. F. HAYNES SMITH, K.C.M.G., 13 Kensington Gardens Terrace, London, W., Chairman of the Egyptian Land and General Trust, Limited.  
W. C. HEATON-ARMSTRONG, M.P., Merchant and Banker, 30 Portland Place, London, W.  
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### BANKERS.

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KINCAID, WALLER, MANVILLE & DAWSON, Civil Engineers, 29 Great George Street, Westminster, London, S.W.  
LAKE & CURRIE, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.

### CONSULTING CHEMIST.

BERTRAM BLOUNT, F.I.C., Consulting Chemist to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 76 York Street, Westminster, S.W.

### SOLICITORS.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

### AUDITORS.

W. B. PEAT & CO., Chartered Accountants, 11 Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

### SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

ALFRED W. DEERING, F.C.I.S., 115 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

The Prospectus, amongst other things, states as follows:—  
The Corporation of Western Egypt was formed to acquire from the Oases Syndicate, Limited, Concessions dealing with Land, Water, Railways, and Earthy and Precious Minerals in the Oases of Khargeh (there being included in Khargeh the Wady el Mulook, Dakhla, Farafra, and Baharia, all situate in Western Egypt).

The Prospectus contains particulars of contracts and other information to satisfy the requirements of the Companies Act, 1900. Copies of the Contracts can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company at any time during business hours. The Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Solicitors or Bankers, and at the Offices of the Company.

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